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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE much debated tariff-bill has emerged from the conference between the two Houses of Congress, with all its provisions for legalized highwaymanry intact, and the dye-embargo rescued from the waste-basket and added to these. Apparently the will of the Congress is nothing to conferees when powerful interests are pulling the wires of their dickers and deals. There may be a fight over this last-minute resurrection of the embargo, says the cynical dispatch from Washington which brings the word of its new lease on life, but the Republican leaders do not expect it to reach really serious proportions, "because they believe the sugar-interests and the farm-interests have combined to uphold the embargo in return for support for the high rates on sugar, wool and farm-products." There is a fine, candid, outspoken exhibit of political methods, by the way.

THIS dispatch further states that the party-leaders are counting on success in the November elections because they expect an era of prosperity following crop-movements and the beginning of industrial activities which have been held up by the strikes, and they count on this prosperity to make the country forget its dissatisfaction with the Republican regime. "Prosperity in the weeks preceding the November election," the dispatch says further, "may be apparent, it is held, for the effect of the increased tariff-duties and high prices resulting from coal-conditions may not then be felt so seriously [italics ours]." At the same time these congressional conspirators to restrain trade are said to be a little worried because labour so resolutely refuses to be deflated. "They can not see, with the steel industry increasing wages, the miners receiving the same high wages as before the war, and the railways unable to deflate the labour-costs, how there can be an adjustment economically." No more do we. In the tariff-bill our precious congressional economists propose to put upon this country, through the voluntary action of its own Government, an economic blockade comparable with that by which the Allies completed the ruin of the economic life of Central Europe and Russia. We doubt that any amount of "deflation of labour" will counteract the effect of such a deadly weapon.

A THOUGHTFUL friend of ours who ventured out Wisconsin way a few days before the recent primary, took

the trouble to read all the local newspapers he could find. In them he could discover virtually no indication that anyone by the name of La Follette was engaged in a campaign, though the news-columns were filled with chatter about the virtues of some wonderfully popular college president who was about to receive the Republican nomination for the Senate by an almost unanimous vote. We gather from this that newspapers in Wisconsin snub the realities as faithfully as they do elsewhere in the United States, for Mr. La Follette has been renominated by the greatest majority ever accorded in a primary in any State. This is the first opportunity that Mr. La Follette's fellow-citizens have had to express themselves, in what Mr. Wilson used to call a "solemn referendum," on his war-record, and they went to it with uncommon zeal. Incidentally, the candidate gave them the chance to vote on many other matters of more immediate import, for he made his campaign in direct opposition to all the vital policies of his party, including the tariff, the railway-law and the various other schemes to make the country safe for privilege. Perhaps the Senator's opponents committed a tactical error in selecting the man to make the race against him. In our political Bradstreet, college presidents are unlikely to have any rating for many years to come. From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, we are through with those boys. Yet this can scarcely detract from Mr. La Follette's triumph or comfort the soul of normalcy. It is clear that as long as Robert La Follette will stoop to associate himself with the Senate, the home folks will most enthusiastically keep him there as a portent and a sign.

A FEW weeks ago the newspapers throughout the country furnished a great eruption of news-articles and editorials exploiting the cruelty of railway train-crews who were reported to have abandoned trains without warning at a water-tank stop called Needles, in the California desert, leaving the hapless passengers to swelter and starve. The victims of this callous inhumanity, according to the stories, included a nonagenarian woman who nearly perished in the wilderness, and several infants who were compelled to go without milk for some days. The cruelty thus heralded evoked general condemnation, and President Harding made a special point of it in his message to Congress, citing the incident as an instance of "the cruelty and contempt for law on the part of some railway-employees." We now have before us an issue of *Labour*, a weekly paper published at Washington, D. C., by the railway-unions, which contains convincing evidence that the whole story was a fake. The train-crews, it appears, had served notice on the Santa Fé management that unless the armed guards employed by the railway ceased to menace the lives of the trainmen by shooting off their rifles and hurling bombs about promiscuously, the men would have to quit. After two warnings they kept their word. The exhibits in *Labour* include a letter from the local district passenger-agent of the Santa Fé setting forth that Needles has a population of 4000 persons who seem to enjoy the climate, and that it boasts one of the famous Fred Harvey hotels, where the passengers were entertained at the expense of the railway-company during the period of delay. We have learned to expect a very low batting average of fact from the newspapers, but it seems unfortunate that Mr. Harding did not investigate a bit before accepting this yarn at its face value.

In the September issue of the *Locomotive Engineers Journal*, an uncommonly intelligent and well-edited periodical, we have been attracted by an article entitled "The Invisible Government," which, in spite of some injections of hokum and more rhetorical flourishes than appeal to our taste, contains considerable sound sense on vital topics that are usually dealt with only in drivel. The author, for instance, shows concisely that a Harding Administration and a Wilson Administration represent precisely the same thing, and only differ over the matter of who shall collect the taxes. He gives an adequate description of the way in which we were "catapulted into the war" by those whose interest it was to get us in. In the course of his well-conceived exposition he says: "The international bankers had also placed vast sums of money at the disposal of the belligerent countries and the peoples involved. With the progress of the war these financiers and industrial magnates became panicky over the safety of their credits, investments and loans abroad through the possible collapse and bankruptcy of their debtor nations. . . . Then came calls for the preservation of democracy." Turning the page to learn the authorship of this shrewd bit of sanity, we discovered that the article bore the signature of John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York, and member of Division 419, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. We confess to a certain astonishment at this, though we recall that some time ago, amid the general display of oratorical flapdoodle attendant on the visit of a French mission to this city, Mr. Hylan's modestly expressed hope that the imperialist hysteria of certain French politicians did not represent the will of the French people, stood out as the one note of reasonableness. Perhaps Mr. Hylan is like Mr. Babe Ruth; he sometimes makes a ridiculous flivver, but on occasion he comes through with a telling hit.

FIFTY-TWO members of the Industrial Workers of the World, who are serving aggregate sentences of some 600 years in Leavenworth prison as the result of group-convictions for expressing a commendable disgust with the purposes of the late war, have addressed to President Harding a joint letter setting forth reasons for their refusal to apply for clemency. Naturally they feel considerable pride in their sentiments, which have since been amply vindicated, and their attitude is based mainly on a firm conviction that they have committed no crime. "Liberty is sweet to any man in prison," they declare, "but not sweet enough to be purchased at the price of principle." Whatever one may think of the economic philosophy of the members of the I. W. W., their spirit is of the stuff that made the founding of this Republic possible. It is encouraging to note that in our country there are at least fifty-two men who put principle first. Since it is now plain that these men were imprisoned primarily for a display of sanity at a time of unprecedented hysteria and delusion, we assume that President Harding will hasten to set them free with official apologies, and, in conformity with the general line of policy of the Administration, will recommend that Congress bestow on them a substantial bonus which will in some measure be a compensation for the barbaric injustice that they have so long been suffering at the hands of officialdom.

WE are indebted to the *Defence News Service* for a reproduction of the pathetic report of the Italian Commissioner of Emigration, published for the guidance of the hundreds of thousands of Italians who can no longer gain a livelihood in their own country and are desirous of moving elsewhere. The Commissioner made a survey of the industrial situation in the various countries of the world and his conclusions show widespread unemployment everywhere, not infrequently accentuated by conditions of acute industrial crisis. In some South American countries industrial paralysis is advanced to the stage where former Italian immigrants are finding it

necessary to return to the old country to starve in a more familiar environment. In short, it appears that those hopeful economists who used to assure us that after all the war might be a blessing in disguise, in that by killing off a few million men it would wipe out a growing labour-surplus, were disseminating the most vicious nonsense, as perhaps they half suspected at the time. The war disrupted the processes of production, not only in the belligerent countries, but everywhere; and among its victims to-day are the millions on millions of workers who can no longer support themselves in their own lands and can find nowhere else an abiding place that will afford a reasonable livelihood in return for honest work.

If the British Foreign Office does not clap a stopper on Mr. Rudyard Kipling, or the New York *World* does not clap one on Mrs. Clare Sheridan, or the good sense of our people does not clap one on both, the result will be a feeling of extreme and unreasonable irritation against England and the English. The *World*, in pursuance of a journalistic "stunt," pure and simple, sent Mrs. Sheridan to interview Mr. Kipling, who kindly obliged with a fair quota of groundless and gratuitous insults to this country and its people. The *World* featured these last Sunday, Senator Borah and other prominent men took up the cudgels, and in consequence, great numbers of people all over the country are indignant as ever they can be. Mr. Kipling's charges are so preposterous that even the most bigoted and unreasoning Anglophiles among us can not possibly defend them. All they can do is to raise the question, "Who is Mr. Kipling, anyway?" and this is precisely the right question to raise, but it will be difficult, probably, for a great many to keep their heads cool enough to raise it, answer it appropriately, and then forget the whole matter. Senator Borah has set a wretched example in taking up the challenge, and we hope that it will be generally disregarded and disallowed.

A GENTLEMAN will not insult you, and a loafer can not. Mr. Kipling is a story-writer, and a good one, deserving of all credit for his achievements in his chosen field; but we have never heard even from his friends and admirers any praise of his civility or courtesy or any intimation that he has the instincts of a gentleman. He has been invariably represented to us as having in his nature a considerable alloy of the cad and the boor. This utterance of his, therefore, appears to be quite in character. His reporter, Mrs. Sheridan, judging from her book and her recent utterances in our newspapers while visiting this country, is a wholly inconsiderable person, a sensation-monger. The New York *World* ought to be thoroughly ashamed of itself for peddling this disgusting and inflammatory trash. Its enterprise amounts only to setting people by the ears over nothing, and for no purpose—at least no purpose more reputable than enticing a few coppers out of the pockets of a poorly-informed and sensation-loving public by deliberately arousing its bad temper. In our inveterate optimism, we rather thought that the *World* was a little above that sort of thing, and we are mightily disappointed to find that it is not.

If there must be international bad feeling, let us at least have it kept on rational grounds and aimed in the proper direction. This country has plenty of legitimate grievances against the British Government, and we are all for their being aired in a manful and open way. Mr. Kipling can find plenty to say against the United States Government on the ground of solid fact, and we are all for his doing it with all his might. Whatever popular feeling may be stirred in consequence of these outpourings, we regard as legitimate and salutary. But it is a discreditable thing to get angry over something that does not rise above the malevolent tittle-tattle of a village sewing-circle. If the American people chooses to revive its ancient

hatred of England, it ought at least to do so for good cause and not be goaded into it by the combination of a cad, a featherheaded gossip and a New York daily newspaper, trafficking in sheer lies, indecencies and slanders.

A FEW days ago, it was officially announced at Washington that negotiations with Soviet Russia had been called off; and then, after the lapse of forty-eight hours, the correspondent of the Associated Press at Berlin cabled the information that Ambassador Houghton and M. George Chicherin, the Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs, had on that day engaged in a further discussion of the American proposal to send an investigating commission to Russia. It may be, of course, that the correspondent does not know what he is talking about; or it may be that at the time when the official announcement was made, the Department of State had no thought of terminating the negotiations, but wished simply to drag the whole matter down once more into the secret places of diplomacy. The Department ought to be proud of the fact that it is at last beginning to see the light that was seen so long ago by the Foreign Offices of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden and Norway; but instead of publicly renouncing the error of their way, our diplomats prefer to consort in secret with a set of people who are still officially characterized by the American Government as cutthroats and scoundrels.

If any additional testimony in the case against political life were required, the following cold-blooded words from the New York *World's* Washington dispatch on the subject of Justice Clarke's resignation would seem to fill the bill: "It is likely Justice Day's resignation will also be forthcoming shortly, but the politicians are inclined to believe President Harding will endeavour to have this delayed until after election. Then the President will know what eminent lame ducks have to be provided for and perhaps there will be one of sufficient weight to make him eligible for a Supreme Court Justiceship." It is an uncommonly gratifying thing to read this frank recognition of the fact that even the highest court of the land has become the small change—carfare—of those whom we permit to control the destinies of the nation.

WE wonder how much the Mexican people have grieved over the report now in general circulation, that those of their country's oil-reservoirs which have already been tapped by the operators are rapidly approaching exhaustion. Of course we do not know how the news of this great disaster has been received, but we suspect that the feelings of many of our Mexican brethren resembled those of the Russian holy man who had been set upon by robbers and stripped of his rags, and was thereafter found kneeling by the roadside, giving thanks to God that he could now continue his pilgrimage through a world of thieves, without fear of further molestation.

THE amount of consolation that may properly be derived from the reports of Mexico's impoverishment is, however, extremely limited, for these reports refer only to the oil-fields that have already been brought under the drill of the exploiter. That there are other rich fields in existence, no one seems to doubt. For example, the house-organ of the Standard Oil Company comments on the near-exhaustion of the supplies that have already been drawn upon, and then goes on to say that the future of the industry in Mexico depends upon the attitude which the Government may take towards new attempts at exploration and development. Thus it seems that from this time forward, we are destined to hear less than formerly about the efforts of the Mexican Government to regain control of those failing resources which have already fallen into the hands of private monopolists, and more about that Government's attempts to keep control of the untapped fields to which it still holds title. As the debate shifts from past pilferings to

future possibilities, the nature of the controversy between the American Government and the Mexican Government will become more obvious. The domestic servants of monopoly in our Department of State will no longer be able to pose as the defenders of established rights against retroactive legislation; but unless we are greatly mistaken, they will not on this account diminish by one jot or tittle the energy with which they have pushed the cause of American monopoly, at the expense of the Mexican people.

WHEN the people of Greece recalled King Constantine from exile to get them out of the imperialist war in which the unscrupulous M. Venizelos was squandering their lives and treasure, we feared the programme, for we cherished a lively recollection of another people who trustfully elected an executive to keep them out of war, and got results from which it will take them many a generation to recover. Sure enough, King Constantine took up the Venizelos programme of force to the uttermost, and pushed it harder than ever. To his imperial banner he nailed the picture of a greater Greece, spreading far into Asia Minor, mistress of the whole north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean. The picture is now shattered. The broken columns of the Greek armies have been hurled back to the coast in irretrievable disaster, and the adventure has reached its dismal end. The Allied bankers and munition-makers have Greece mortgaged up to the highest mountain-top, and there is nothing ahead for the Greek people save ruin and starvation. As for the Government, a new permutation of scoundrels is in prospect. Constantine's throne is tottering, and it is reported that the wily Venizelos may return again. If, after such a bitter lesson, that is the sort of thing the Greeks will stand for, all one can do is feel sorry for them. We are hardly in a position to cast the first stone.

A HIGH official at Havana says that General Crowder has sent an ultimatum to the Cuban Government, and a high official at Washington says that he hasn't; but after all, what's in a name? It is admitted, even at Washington, that General Crowder some time ago laid before the Government at Havana a series of five suggestions for the reformation of its way of doing business. Four of these five items had to do with the conversion of the Cuban Government into an efficient tax-gathering agency for American investors; they provided for the lubrication of the fiscal machinery, the imposition of new taxes, and the contracting of a new foreign loan which, in the present state of international finance, can be negotiated only in the United States. These suggestions show that American "interests" and the American Government intend to tighten up their hold on Cuba; and experience seems to indicate that the means of fulfilling such an intention can always be found. The suggestions offered to Haiti were very much like those that have been laid before the Cuban Cabinet. The Government that sent the marines to Port au Prince may not yet have sent an ultimatum to Havana, but let us wait and see if Mr. Hughes does not get what he wants.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A LONG WAY FROM GOD.

IN the course of recent discussions on the industrial situation in the Senate, Senator Dial decorated the *Congressional Record* with a reproduction of some observations made by a former Congressman from South Carolina at a Labour Day gathering. The burden of the former legislator's song was that court-injunctions were sacred mandates, however oppressive their content, and they must be obeyed to the letter by all loyal subjects, because back of them stood the Government, and "government comes from God."

This idea is scarcely original. From time immemorial it has been inculcated zealously upon underlying populations by political rulers and their privileged henchmen who found it a serviceable theory. For some decades, however, it seems to have been in disrepute. The founders of our own country, as Mr. Dial and his fellow Senators might know if they were reasonably literate, were extremely disrespectful to this time-honoured doctrine. Recent regrettable events in Europe seem to have put a quietus on it throughout that weary continent. We can think of two conspicuous modern exponents of the divine right of government, one of them now lamentably deceased, who have been completely repudiated in their own countries and are scarcely held in high regard elsewhere. The Russian Tsar is no longer in a position to hail Senator Dial and his ex-congressional friend as new prophets risen in Israel. Perhaps the exiled Kaiser, who would surely find the *Congressional Record* congenial reading, especially as it is reported that he is troubled with insomnia, may yet send them fraternal greetings.

Certain painstaking European economists who have delved into the beginnings of government found nothing to suggest the hand of the Deity. Their discoveries were not different from the entertaining picture of political origins given by M. Anatole France. The patient husbandman of the ancient peaceful anarchic time, finds himself suddenly smitten over the head by a predatory brute who appropriates his lands and crops and beasts, and when he inquires the meaning of this unprecedented banditry, is informed that law and order have arrived.

Perhaps the researches of the economists and the imagination of M. France are wrong. Perhaps the intuitions of Senator Dial are right. Yet as we survey the history of government in this vicinity for the past six months, we must confess that if government really comes from God, it would seem to have come a long and very precipitous way.

The complete break-down in the coal-industry set in on 1 April. There had been ample warning of the inevitable collapse, with its grave reflection on industry generally. Yet beyond a single feeble and futile gesture, the Government, which is supposed to guard the welfare of the whole people, made no move to forestall the blow. It did nothing to explain or clarify the obscure situation. For week after week it sat aloof while the coal-supply dwindled to the vanishing point. It could find no word of advice or warning for the operators or miners, no word for the unfortunate consumers. Yet during this period it did not hesitate to address a message to the Russian people advising them about the restoration of productivity in their country. It sent patronizing notes to the Government of Mexico outlining the manner in which it

should conduct its internal economic affairs. It displayed somewhat impertinent zeal in readjusting the processes of production and exchange in these alien States, but it maintained a policy of complete passivity in the case of our own blighted fortunes. It was not until the situation became desperate that it made an effort to bring the parties to the controversy together, and because of lack of plan this effort ended in failure.

Similarly, it was not until the country was nearing the brink of disaster that the Administration moved to compose the differences in the railway-strike, and here too it merely demonstrated its futility. Not until Mr. Harding and his Cabinet had washed their hands of both situations did the disputants, impelled by the slow processes of public indignation, begin to gravitate reluctantly towards a settlement. Things were moving with promise when the Chief Executive appeared dramatically before Congress and in an ill-considered address muddled the situation again. The coal-conferences were thrown temporarily into confusion. The railway-negotiations were abruptly broken off. In a condition of similar crisis any business executive who called together the representatives of his stockholders would naturally be expected to suggest some policy relevant to the situation. Mr. Harding had none, and apparently no one in Congress thought this in any way strange. The two measures he asked from Congress had no bearing whatever on the immediate situation; indeed, as far as the strike was concerned, he might as well have addressed the legislators about the mountains of the moon.

The climax of ineptitude was yet to come. It arrived when Attorney-General Daugherty, who had been in eruption for some days, secured from a novice Federal judge his famous injunction which, to use the language of the *New York Times*, condemned one party to the railway-strike "to a life of silent meditation and prayer." Mr. Daugherty's scrap of paper in effect bound and gagged the strikers, and decreed that their funds should repose harmlessly in the banks; but there was nothing in it of a nature to restore the broken-down railway-equipment. One can picture the Attorney-General, who is said to cherish presidential aspirations, complacently sitting back and waiting for the thunders of applause which were confidently expected to greet this brilliant strategy. Unfortunately he had overshot his mark. The prospect of irresponsible judicial dictatorship offered too many dangerous possibilities to be attractive to anyone. The conservatives deplored, the liberals wept even more copiously than usual, and, on the very eve of the congressional elections, bang! went the labour-vote; nor was the position of the Government at all improved by the hasty assurances of Mr. Daugherty and the President that the more sweeping provisions of the injunction were to be taken only in a Pickwickian sense, and that its sole object was to prevent violence. As Mr. Daugherty well knows, no injunctions are necessary to deal with violence; all that is needed is the normal process of enforcing the laws, with which Mr. Daugherty seems altogether unfamiliar.

In short, the American people have been getting a valuable object lesson in the ways of political government. They derived considerable education under Malvolio; they are progressing farther under Pickwick. While our panicky politicians are holding up the discarded European fraud of divine right, there is no indication that the public is being taken in by any

such delusion. The people have been paying most expensively for their education, and after all they may be getting something for their money. On occasion, in no uncertain fashion, they give a sign. Such, for instance, was the Wisconsin primary. As far as the Democratic and the Republican parties are concerned, Mr. La Follette made his race on the succinct platform of "a plague o' both your houses!" and the public rallied to him with an enthusiasm never before equalled in an American primary contest.

There is also the portent of Mr. Calvin Coolidge at the Minnesota State Fair. In the presence of 20,000 persons the Vice-President unlimbered in a set speech of his familiar quality. From deep silence the crowd progressed to sporadic interruptions, and finally hoots and catcalls became general until the speaker was forced to quit and the happy crowd stampeded to the horse-races. Surely it is a highly significant matter that an American crowd takes the trouble to say "boo!" to a Vice-President. In the matter of political rhetoric American audiences are accustomed to endure in silence unusual afflictions. We are aware that Mr. Coolidge's style of oratory is peculiarly trying, whether he is deploring the increase in intelligence in girls' colleges or merely emitting a string of meaningless aphorisms; yet we are certain that the emphatic Minnesotans voiced no personal disregard for their guest, for that would have been mere bad manners. They looked upon him as a symbol; and as his speech progressed, they realized that their worst suspicions were inadequate, and their outburst of disgust became a spontaneous demonstration beyond their control.

When Mr. Harding was nominated some critical person, of the Democratic persuasion, we believe, declared that if he were elected, it would be necessary to establish a regency before his term ended. It seemed to us that talk of the need for a regency came with singularly poor grace from a supporter of Mr. Harding's predecessor; and at any rate there are not a few shrewd observers who suspect that we have had at least a larvated regency under several Administrations. We do not hold with those who are so persistently low in their minds about Mr. Harding. The political fates have obviously designed him as an educational stepping-stone for the American people; and he and the master minds with which he has surrounded himself seem to be serving their purpose admirably. Political government may not spring from divinity, but perhaps there's a divinity that shapes its end.

MR. TITMOUSE'S PLATFORM.

THE passage of the four billion dollar bonus-bill afforded the Senate scope for a solid week of unmitigated flapdoodle. The debate on the measure was a fearful revelation of the quality of the senatorial mind. One would think, in view of the nature of the treaty of Versailles and the present melancholy state to which the rapacity of the victorious Governments has reduced civilization, that no one outside an insane asylum would by this time have any illusions left about governmental idealism in connexion with the war. It is plain, however, that the majority of the members of our Senate are so far removed from any sense of reality that they still believe that the war made the world "safe for democracy," or, as Senator Heflin enthusiastically expressed it, "saved the life of the nation and the liberty of the world." Thus in the main the defenders of the measure based their arguments primarily on the millennial results achieved by the peace-

makers as a consequence of the sacrifices of the boys in the trenches; while the opponents of the bill contended that the boys had enjoyed an unprecedented privilege in the opportunity to bring in the Great Salvation, and hence that no further reward was required.

The only attempt at logic was made by those proponents of the bill who pointed out that since war-profiteers had been permitted to loot the Treasury of billions, and other billions had been paid out in bonuses to the railways and other privileged interests, it was only fair that the boys who did some of the hazardous work should have a few billions of the taxpayers' money voted to them. There was also something impressive about the frankness of Senator McCumber's argument that unless the war-veterans were cajoled by some such colossal gratuity, they could scarcely be expected to stamp out bolshevism for the privileged classes if, in the course of human events, "the supremacy of law" became menaced by "the supremacy of anarchy." "We will need these boys," cried Mr. McCumber, feelingly if not too grammatically, in lamenting "the shortsightedness of our avarice in these times of great unrest." The oratorical prize-package of the whole show, however, was produced by Senator Shortridge. "Gratitude," began the Senator, "is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart of man or nation. . . . Not by my vote shall that hideous and hateful word 'ingratitude' be stamped on the white and spotless brow of my country." Beginning thus auspiciously, the Senator launched a geyser of tosh which we patriotically believe could not be reproduced in any other legislative chamber in the world.

The bonus-bill fixes a series of payments ranging through the next few decades. The veterans will, in effect, receive promissory notes, which they may take to any banks that care to discount them. The debate revealed that the bankers will get a neat bit of nourishment out of this, estimated at from 7½ per cent up; and while the Senators were about it, they added an amendment from which, if our experience after the Civil War is any indication, the land-sharks should reap great profit. This amendment provided for the reclaiming of certain arid lands and swamp lands, with a system of distribution giving preference to the veterans; and an initial appropriation of \$350 million was made for this work, to be added to the \$80 million which will be laid out in cash towards the bonus this year. In view of the prospective deficit of \$700 million for the fiscal year, this would seem to be quite a burden on the taxpayers.

After the bill had been discussed for several days, it occurred to the lawmakers that there was no provision for raising the money that it called for. As Senator Williams pointed out, the measure resembled the election-platform of Tittlebat Titmouse, whose campaign-manager, Oily Gammon, promised that if elected to Parliament, Titmouse would propose a bill "to give everybody everything without taking anything from anybody." In the Senate, the problem thus presented was neatly solved by a resolution that the bonus-money be raised in fairy gold, in the shape of principal and interest to be collected from our late allies and associates. Most of the Senators who voted for this arrangement seemed to think it a stroke of genius: but no taxpayer with the slightest knowledge of the international financial situation is likely to be fooled by it.

This bonus-bill is but the beginning of sorrow. The

real horrors of war invariably appear when the war is over, and one of the worst of them is the manipulation of the "soldier vote." The necks of all the politicians who have cumbered the earth since the days of Cain, are not worth the hundred-thousandth part of the money that it has cost the American taxpayers, directly and indirectly, to placate the Grand Army of the Republic and keep it in line; and now the American Legion is coming up to take its place for the next two generations. It is coming up hungry, too, and in every congressional district in the country every pliant scoundrel with political ambitions will henceforth have to reckon with its appetite. If the Anti-Saloon League chastises our national legislature with whips, the American Legion will chastise it with scorpions. It is a disgusting prospect, but one that has to be faced, and we are therefore for facing it resolutely and above all, for facing it now. The patrons of this infamous raid on the Treasury clearly passed this bill in full expectation of a Presidential veto—in passing the bill, that is, they also passed the buck, which was natural and to be expected, inasmuch as the sum-total of all the courage there is in both Houses of Congress at this good day would not brace a prairie dog to stand his ground against the apparition of his own shadow. It would fill us with unspeakable joy if Mr. Harding should decline to be made the scapegoat and should let the bill become law without his signature, thereby bringing the Congress face to face with the taxpayer. He might as well do it, for a veto on this measure will not save his Administration; he might as well die in 1924 for a sheep as for a lamb, and if he had an ounce of humour in him, he would do it.

A STUDY IN CUSSÉDNESS.

AMONG the minor distractions of the new German Republic must be counted, probably, that proposed Congress of the Friends of Egypt which the Berlin Egyptian Association has called for 18 September. Just at the moment Germany finds it prudent to conciliate English opinion, and Dr. Rathenau's successor may well debate in his mind the wisdom of permitting such a congress to take place in Berlin, especially in view of the published programme which is to consider (1) the attainment of real independence, rather than pseudo independence for Egypt, (2) the emancipation of the Suez Canal from foreign control, (3) means for freeing Egypt from the so-called Capitulations inherited from the days of Turkish suzerainty, and (4) measures for the economic improvement of Egypt. It is not difficult to imagine the irritation which would be aroused in England if Berlin even gave house-room to a conference disposed to criticize the existing regime in the Valley of the Nile. Under the circumstances we shall probably find, when the day arrives, that the congress is meeting somewhere else, perhaps in Italy.

As a matter of fact, the Egyptian patriots have always got the cold shoulder in Europe. Back in 1910, when Egyptian nationalism was running high, some of the exiles, relying trustfully upon private assurances from France, attempted to hold a congress in Paris to discuss their grievances against England. Alas! they suddenly discovered that their congress was "banned," and they had perforce to cancel their arrangements. After some confusion they got together again in Brussels where, among other delegates, they welcomed Keir Hardie. Here, at last, things began to go swimmingly. Indeed, the congress was such a huge success that the delegates fell in love with Belgium, "the

one country in Europe which still adored freedom, etc., etc.," and finally amid great enthusiasm, a delegate moved that the entire convention adjourn and march in a body in the great civic parade on 23 September in honour of Belgian independence.

Again they encountered the queer contrariness of Europe. The Belgian police sternly forbade the Egyptians to march in the Belgian parade, or to participate in any way in the national celebration. Bewildered, the patriots from the Nile stood in the Place des Martyrs and listened to speeches commemorating Belgium's fight for freedom. A few who, in innocence or ignorance, joined in the parade down the Allée Verte, got "jolly well locked up for their pains," as an English account triumphantly records.

As a matter of fact, probably the best place in Europe for the dissatisfied Egyptians to meet in, is London. Critics of the English policy in Egypt are even more outspoken and emphatic in England than in France, which is saying a good deal. The Egyptians would find thirty or forty members of Parliament ready and willing to "take the chair," which counts for much in England, and they could have a Moslem religious celebration at the Moslem mosque near Woking. Indeed, at every turn they would be well buttressed against interference. Here is an amusing situation, in some respects. Egyptians in England are making speeches and printing pamphlets, for which, if they did those things in Egypt, Lord Allenby would court-martial them and give them ten years in prison. The Egyptians must occasionally find the whole thing rather hard to understand.

A LITERARY ODDITY.

AN experiment which seems perennially attractive to American entrepreneurs of literature is the syndicated book-review. A central agency prepares reviews of new books and supplies them for a stated fee to small papers which might otherwise be barren of even the shadow of current literature, since they could not themselves obtain the necessary free copies from publishers, and could not afford to pay for the reviews. The projectors of the syndicated or "canned" review make the enterprise attractive by engaging reviewers whose names are prominent in the book-world, and the reviewers are content to work for moderate compensation because they are sensible of the *réclame* that proceeds from the broadcasting of their work over their signature. The newspapers subscribe to the service because they can thus secure a unique feature at the low price which syndication makes possible.

It would be interesting to discover the reason why none of these enterprises succeeds. It may be that a small newspaper discovers that too few readers in its field care for book-news to justify the outlay, and that it can get as many good reviews as it wants by lifting them from the better-known periodicals which specialize in literary affairs, and reprinting them in slightly altered form. This procedure rarely strikes the editor as in the nature of theft, for we have but a loose code in the matter of literary property. Only in important instances do authors and editors attempt to maintain their rights, for the legal processes cost more than the gain is worth; and thus the editor of the small paper is usually permitted to illustrate the truth of Mr. Bernard Shaw's saying that "the honesty of every person varies according to the pressure put upon it," and that "many a person who would not think of stealing an umbrella would be unable to resist

the temptation to appropriate a Rolls-Royce, if it could be done with perfect safety."

We think there is a deeper reason for the failure of the standardized book-review prepared for use in any environment and any clime, ready to serve without even the addition of hot water, and thus even more convenient and easier to handle than tinned soups. The book-review, if it is to mean anything at all, even as a commercial feature, must be in essence a local product. It must be in the peculiar mode or rhythm of the community, as much so as the schools, the street-cleaning, the women's club, the town drunkard, the gang of loafers. It must be written by one of the town, for the town; for thus only, regardless of subject, can it convey its message in a spirit which is common to the one who writes and to those who read. Let us assume that a scholar, after a lifetime devoted to science, retires, for reasons of his own, to spend the evening of his days in a community whose cultural opportunities have been meagre. The townspeople soon become acquainted with him, they respect and like him; but he is still a newcomer, an outsider, he is not quite in the native rhythm and swing of the community. Suppose that the local editor asks him to review a new work that deals with his own specialty; it is ten to one that his review would not make as good an impression on the public mind as a review written by one who has no more than a fair general culture, enough to enable him to determine an author's general drift and intention, but who has native knowledge of the collective life which he shares with his fellow-citizens. There is much in the remark of the Frenchman who, when told that Béranger was not a great poet, replied, "True, but he is great *for us*." There are a hundred men in the country, probably, who could do a better book-review than Mr. William Allen White, but not for the *Emporia Gazette*. Indeed, one of Mr. White's cub-journalists, born and bred in *Emporia*, could do a more effective review for the *Gazette*—effective in point of getting itself read and heeded—than the best reviewer in the land. This should not be so, it will perhaps not always be so, but so it now is.

On the surface it would seem as if an able and honest book-review written in New York for a New York daily newspaper, would serve equally well the purposes of a newspaper in, say, Baton Rouge; but we are certain that it would not. Without implying, or intending to make the faintest intimation, that the cultural level of New York is higher than that of the capital of Louisiana, it is safe to say that because of the earlier establishment of this city, its heterogeneous population, its geographical situation, the social currents that have been set up in the wake of commerce and trade, and no end of other circumstances, a book-review in its newspapers must, to be acceptable, be done differently than if the account were being made to citizens of a town which has a different history and experience and a different native genius. In order to be quite clear, let us take specifically the example of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, whom so many of us find easier to condemn than to read. A review of a novel by that author, written for the Athenians of Massachusetts in the *Boston Transcript*, might be quite unacceptable to the newspaper-constituency of St. Joseph or Vincennes; and similarly, a review written by a citizen of Marion for the *Star*, or of Toledo for the *Blade*, might have an extremely strong alien flavour to the *Transcript's* readers. Our point is that the successful book-review in a daily paper needs, in a sense, to be

treated from the same point of view as the local news; and that because the syndicated review can not possibly do this, it must in the long run be a failure. The Associated Press, for example, can supply the daily history of the great world to Keokuk, but it can not write Keokuk's sob-stories; and it is Keokuk's own special sob-stories and the local flavour of Keokuk permeating mode and substance of other features, that really sell the paper to the people of Keokuk. The chain-stores may sell cigars and tea, because Havana and Oolong are Havana and Oolong the world over—they are, that is, for the purposes of our argument, though we are aware that cigar-smokers and tea-drinkers may dispute it as a matter of fact—but the book-review is a commodity that must be manufactured by hand, and fitted to the buyer for whom it is intended.

HIS MAJESTY THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

A POPULAR tailor in Chicago used to begin his advertisements with the ingratiating words: "To His Majesty the American Citizen," and I remember the speech of a multimillionaire in which he said, as a *captatio benevolentiae*, that he felt proud to address an "assembly of sovereigns." How often have I heard in Europe that, according to Tocqueville and Bryce, "public opinion rules in the United States!" So there seems to be no doubt possible that I am a Kaiser and that you, gentle reader, are a crowned colleague of mine.

Noblesse oblige; and if we are rulers, I suppose that it is our duty to rule. Being honest men, we refuse to withdraw behind the *paravent* of the subtle constitutional doctrine: "*Le roi règne, mais il ne gouverne pas*." We are not satisfied with the appearance, we want the essence; we are resolved to govern, to rule, to be the makers of our national destiny. That is, it seems to us, the meaning of the sacred word *democracy*, the foundation of true "Americanism."

I have only to glance at the dailies to get my opinion confirmed by the authority of the many anonymous wizards who speak to me three times a day. In almost every editorial I read that "the public will not allow" or that the public will "insist," or that the public will live up to certain benevolent expectations of the editor, or that certain vicious people will shortly "hear from the public." For quite a time I read these predictions and exhortations with undisturbed equanimity, but all of a sudden the hour of awakening struck, and I found out that *I* was the public and that all these preternaturally clever and transcendently well-informed writers expected *me* to command or forbid, to punish or forgive and that it was my duty to be a Kaiser, omniscient, omnipotent and ubiquitous.

I have always shared the obsolete opinion of Socrates that a shoemaker ought to know how to make shoes and that, by way of analogy, a ruler ought to know how to rule; and I stick to the still more antiquated idea that to know a thing one must learn it. To become real rulers we must learn how to rule, and the apprenticeship is getting more and more difficult every day. What does "ruling" mean? It means that I have to say yes or no in answer to a definite question which in most cases I myself must formulate. It demands a protracted act of the intellect and an instantaneous act of the will. The intellect has to gather and to sift the material for the decision of the will.

May I heave a sigh here, in the presence of the innumerable political, social and economic problems which are, each of them, becoming more and more intricate with the expansion and intensification of so-called civilized life? What did I read at breakfast? Let me try to remember some of the most urgent issues. Here they are: in my quality as sovereign I have to end the railway-strike and the coal-strike; I ought to do something with regard to penal law and procedure, as the criminality of the nation is simply appalling; it is highly desirable to regulate immigration and Americanize the newcomers; the tariff demands my immediate and unflagging attention. Is it in the interest of the nation that a third party should be organized; if so, can it be done, and if it can be done, how shall it be done? Shall we participate actively in the reconstruction of Europe, or shall we pursue the classical policy of watchful waiting? All these questions are of fundamental importance and there are dozens of minor issues. The nation, the State, the community have their special tasks and needs which in many instances overlap and oppose each other. I, the ruler, have to examine them

all. I have to decide and to say: This shall be done. I have to evoke cosmos from chaos.

It took the Almighty only seven days to do that; but, as far as I am informed, he had nothing else on his hands. But we poor weak mortals are frightfully busy making a living (making a dying would sometimes seem a more adequate expression) or being successful. Unfortunately the acquiring of knowledge demands time, and time is money. Under these inauspicious circumstances, I asked my friend Snyder, whom I regard as the most flawless incarnation of hundred-per-cent Americanism, how he was spending his week-days. He answered, I am sorry to say, profusely and profanely, and I am obliged to shorten and discolour his information, which nevertheless seems to me very illuminating.

Snyder gets up, theoretically, at seven, practically at seven-thirty. He likes to have breakfast with the youngsters, as their chattering refreshes him for the drab round of his daily duties. At eight-thirty he takes the train down-town. It is a trip of twenty minutes.

"What do you do during the trip?" I interrupted eagerly.

"Why, I read the paper," he said, astonished, almost offended.

"Which page?"

"I look first at the front page—divorces, kidnapping, explosions, train-wrecks, murders and all the modern comforts. Then I read the financial page, which seems much more gruesome to me—by the way, my wife always starts with the obituaries—then I give a glance to the funny column . . ."

"And then?" I urged him on breathlessly.

"Well, sometimes there are five minutes left for the editorial bunk."

Snyder works in his office until about one, and then he goes out for lunch, but, as he is very keen and ambitious, he talks business even during the lunch-hour. He tells me that he makes bully deals over the lunch-table, and seems proud of this diplomatic shrewdness. After lunch, office-work until five. Then he goes home, and on the train he indulges in friendly chat with his neighbours. All these five-twenty-two commuters know each other; they make a very nice and good natured assembly of sovereigns. At home Snyder takes a bath and rushes down to the dining room. Dinner is a great hour, provided, of course, that Mrs. Snyder be in good humour. Clean, homely food and clean, homely talk. After dinner the youngsters disappear for mysterious purposes and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder decide after mature deliberation that they have fulfilled all their duties and are entitled to a little fun. So they go to see the "Loves of Pharaoh." Such is the reward of virtue.

You see, Mr. Snyder has not been very much concerned about ruling. He has been too busy to study any of the pressing political problems. He must rule either in the manner of Béranger's "Roi d'Yvetôt" or he must decide about the most momentous questions—questions which may make or break his life and the lives of his children—without knowing an iota about them. Puzzling, bewildering alternative.

The conclusion seems to be that we sovereigns need more time for self-education. How this surplus could be awarded to us under the present economic system, I can not see. Even if we admit that the working-hours are getting shorter, the process is a very slow one, and the dulling and wearying effects of factory-labour are probably such that the workman needs more leisure to recover from them. Business in all its forms has become narrowly specialized and feverish at the same time; after their day's work men and women are practically exhausted. But as long as we rulers do not rule at all or rule in absolute ignorance and in a slipshod, haphazard manner, is not democracy a tedious travesty, a pompous fake?

Let us assume for a moment that we all had ample leisure; would not public opinion even then remain a composite of private lazinesses, as Nietzsche has it? We should have to train ourselves to use this un hoped-for gift nobly and sensibly, and this education would not be easy. "The world," Luther has said, "resembles a drunken peasant who, when you lift him onto his horse from the left, tumbles down on the right." But Carlyle would admonish us to work and not to despair, George Eliot would reiterate her unshakable belief in "meliorism," and Mr. Snyder, as the real American that he is, would express his congenital conviction that everything will come out all right.

I, personally, see but one consolation. The blunders of our Administration and our legislators are so enormous that some day even H. M. the American Citizen, by far the most patient inmate of the human zoo, will shout, "No!" when our governing blockheads and grafters assert once more that obedience to law and order is the last word of wisdom and the first duty of the hoodwinked, exploited and mistreated "sovereign"!

EDWARD GOLDBECK.

THE RUSSIAN UNIVERSITIES.

(Translated by Alexander A. Goldenweiser.)

THE first Russian university, that of Moscow, was founded in 1755, during the reign of Elizabeth, gay and dissolute daughter of Peter the Great. Its originator was Lomonosov, one of the most versatile of men. The son of Archangel peasants, he left home when a boy, to seek instruction at Moscow. When his all too brief career came to a close, he was an academician, the first scientist and poet of the epoch, a favourite of the aristocracy and the court.

The Moscow University is regarded with reverence not by its students alone, but by all Russians. Moscow alumni, wherever they be, invariably celebrate Tatyana's Day (12 January), the anniversary of the founding of their Alma Mater. This oldest Russian temple of science has a glorious history. The scientific standing of its teaching staff was always high. Its traditions, however, rest on that spirit which is characteristic of all Russian universities, but most markedly developed in that of Moscow—the idealism of its students. The scientific enthusiasms which Russians have manifested at different periods were always particularly violent among the youth of Moscow. All social movements which arose among the Russian intelligentsia found in Moscow a most eager response.

An entire epoch of Russian culture—the 'forties of the nineteenth century—is indis severably associated with the Moscow University. This was the time of the unfolding of Russian literature; the time when Pushkin, who had died a little earlier, began to be justly appreciated, and when Lermontov and Gogol were in their prime; it was also the time when Turgenyev and Dostoevsky were beginning their careers. In an epoch of the most arid political reaction, these masters of the pen opened the dike through which poured forth the torrent of free thoughts and feelings of the Russian people.

The journals of this period were primarily devoted to criticism, to a deeper interpretation and penetration of literature; and in the absence of a political press, literary criticism became the vehicle of public opinion. Literary tendencies and æsthetic theories were the subjects which most captivated Russian minds. At Moscow the discussions were most animated and the disquisitions loudest. This was particularly true of the student-circles, to which belonged such men as Byelinsky, the greatest among Russian journalists and critics; Herzen, the most talented Russian publicist; and Granovsky, the first Russian professor to become famous as a public lecturer.

Other Russian universities—they were barely ten in number—could not rival that of Moscow in the fame and brilliance of their traditions. The University of Petrograd, founded in the beginning of the nineteenth century, was the most populous one. Its professorial staff, especially during the last years of the old regime, was excellent, the capital standing ahead of Moscow and the provinces in this respect. On the other hand, the deadening influence of the bureaucratic ministries as well as the shifting character of the population of the capital had a retarding effect on the University, which was thus deprived of that local colour which was the source of Moscow's charm.

The university of St. Vladimir, at Kiev, in which I spent my student years (1908-1912), originated artificially, almost by compulsion. In 1834, after the repression of the Polish Revolt, Emperor Nicholas I ordered the ancient University of Vilna to be closed

and its libraries and scientific collections transported to Kiev. This plundered equipment became the foundation of the University of St. Vladimir. To house this newly-founded scientific centre, the Emperor ordered the erection of an exceedingly ugly, barrack-like building, which was painted red. This colour has remained unchanged to this day.

In addition to these more important centres, there were other universities, in Odessa, Charkov, Kazan, Tomsk and Saratov, the last having been opened immediately before the war. There were two other Russianized universities on the outskirts of the country—in Warsaw (in place of a Polish one that had been closed) and in Yuriev-Derpt (in place of a closed German one).

The most important dates in the history of the inner constitution of the Russian universities are the years 1863, 1884 and 1905. In 1863, in the epoch of the liberal reforms of Alexander II, the universities were given a constitution which guaranteed the professorial staffs a considerable measure of freedom and autonomy. In 1884, the entire organization—the programme of study, the appointment of the rector and professors, etc.—was made directly dependent upon the whim of the Minister of Education. After the first Russian revolution (1905), the universities once more received their autonomy as well as the right to elect rectors and to fill professorial chairs through faculty-elections. But the epoch of half-constitutionalism, which covered the period between the first and the second revolutions, left upon the self-ruling academy the stamp of incompleteness and insecurity.

The Ministry of Education used whatever means it still possessed to repress the free spirit of the universities. This was particularly true of the notorious Schwartz and Kasso. Professors who were not wanted were replaced, "undesirable" rectors were not confirmed, while talentless incompetents were appointed to university chairs. To this period belongs the most violent conflict between the Government and the professorial group that was ever waged in Russia. This conflict, as might be expected, took place in Moscow. In 1911, the Minister of Education, Kasso, dismissed the liberal rector, Manuilov.¹ In protest, about one hundred professors and instructors resigned from the university, which was thus deprived of its best men. These scholars—the pride of Russian science—remained without chairs until the revolution of 1917. Thus were re-enacted the events of the 'eighties and 'nineties, when such scholars as Muromtsev, Mechanikov, Maksim Kovalevsky and Miliukov, were dismissed from their universities as politically "unreliable."

The Tsar's Government had to wage war against the free spirit not alone of the professors but of the students, who possessed this spirit in even greater degree. From the 'sixties until 1917, there was an almost uninterrupted succession of so-called "students' disorders." These "disorders" bore a purely political character. The students, as the youngest and most fiery representatives of the intelligentsia, reacted with especial vehemence against the oppressive policy of the autocracy. Each new restriction of academic freedom, for instance, evoked violent protests on the part of the students. Meetings were called, resolutions passed, and occasionally there were strikes of protest. Student-meetings were often dispersed by the police. A roll-call was taken of those present, and the leaders

and orators were usually placed under immediate arrest.

In certain especially memorable instances the movement overflowed into the streets. The first street-demonstrations in Russia, with red flags and the singing of revolutionary songs, were student-demonstrations. In 1899, a student-group which was holding a demonstration on the Kazan Place in Petrograd, was attacked by Cossacks, under Government orders, who cruelly beat the congregated youths with their whips (*nagaika*). Thereupon a wave of indignation against the Tsarist regime swept over the whole of Russia.

As is usually the case, governmental repressions of the students did not lead to pacification; on the contrary, there were new protests and with them more victims. Thus there arose a vicious circle of protests and repressions. This circle could have been broken only by radical reforms in the pre-revolutionary administrative system, which was incompatible with the ideals imparted to the students by the university.

It was my fate to spend in the university the rather turbulent year, 1910-1911. By that time the student-body was no longer homogeneous politically. With the active support of the university administration and the Government, there were formed everywhere groups of so-called "academicians"—students of "right" leanings, that is, conservatives. The vast majority of students, who represented the left or extreme left, treated the academicians with intense hatred and contempt. It thus occurred that on 3 November,¹ 1910—I well remember that day—a miniature battle took place in the hall of the university, in the course of which the leader of the academicians, Golubev, was badly beaten. I was not in the building at the moment, nor did I exactly know what had happened. In the evening of the same day I attended a ball at the house of some friends and returned home at 3 a. m., to find in my room a police agent who was carefully scanning my correspondence. After the raid was completed, I was arrested and had to follow the agent to jail, where I spent the rest of the night. In a few days, however, I was permitted to leave.

My second arrest was even more unexpected and disagreeable. I was called for at night on the eve of my last examination, which was to conclude my university career. I came near losing an entire year on account of that incident, and only after strenuous efforts on the part of my relatives was I permitted to absent myself from jail for a few hours in order to take my examination in business law. My arrests, however, were of a rather humorous character. But many others among my colleagues, who were less lucky or more directly implicated in the disorders, were subjected to serious trouble which profoundly affected the whole course of their lives.

In 1900, Minister Bogolepov conceived the idea of recruiting as soldiers all students implicated in the disorders. This enforced service "to the Tsar and the fatherland" lasted several months, in the course of which Bogolepov was killed by the student Karpovitch. Many of my colleagues at the university spent years in prison while some were sent to the shores of the White Sea or exiled abroad. Almost all participants in disorders were excluded from the university and denied the right to enter another.

The most conspicuous external and visible difference between the student-body of Russia and the pre-war students of Western Europe and America lies in their

¹ In 1917, under the temporary Government, Manuilov became Minister of Education.

¹ 3 November was the anniversary of the execution of the student Balmashov, who had killed the Minister of the Interior, Sipiagin.

economic status. Western students usually belonged to the well-to-do class. Russian students, on the other hand, were usually not merely poor but almost beggared. Seventy-five per cent of the students received nothing from their parents, but supported themselves, mainly by tutoring, while not less than thirty per cent had recourse to organized assistance in one form or another.

The conditions under which the students lived were appalling. Their homes and dinners foreshadowed the pauperization of the unfortunate inhabitants of Soviet Russia. I remember that at the headquarters of the fund for mutual help, all petitions for assistance in cases where the budget of the petitioner amounted to twenty-five roubles (\$12.50) per month were systematically refused. Assistance was extended only to those who had less. Life in a rented hole in a wall, together with one or two companions; dinner in the eating-place for fifteen *kopeikas* (7.5 cents); bread with sausage for supper; borrowed or, at best, second-hand books; the poorest clothes, always threadbare—such were the inevitable accompaniments of the life of an average Russian student.

The economic circumstances of some students constituted so serious a handicap to their work that they were forced to remain for years in one class. But all this did not prevent the student from loving the university; nor would he have exchanged his half-starved existence for the quieter and more profitable but less honoured profession of an official or a merchant. The rush of the youths to the universities constantly increased. The Jews, although handicapped by the notorious "percentile norm," exerted almost superhuman efforts in their attempts to gain admittance to the higher schools. Neither the hard life of a student nor the slight demand for the services of university graduates was sufficient to deter those who longed for a higher education. Also, as a general rule, Russian students took their work seriously and conscientiously.

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about the teaching in Russian universities, in particular in the Law Faculty. This faculty did not by any means correspond to that of the American law school, for its curriculum included also the subjects usually grouped in America under the Department of Political Science. In a word, all the sciences bearing on law, the State, society and economics, were taught by the Law Faculty. The method of instruction, moreover—even in the special legal subjects—was not designed to serve merely practical demands. Much time was devoted to the history, theory and philosophy of law, while the study of private law was rooted in the history and system of Roman Law. Economics—a favourite subject of our youths—was studied with great thoroughness.

The teaching consisted of lectures and examinations. Attendance at lectures was not obligatory, therefore only prominent and popular lecturers could boast of large audiences. In some subjects there were in addition the so-called "practical studies,"¹ in which the students participated more actively than they did at the lectures.

When one attempts to appraise the merits and shortcomings of the Russian university system, one must not leave unheeded the spiritual milieu in which that system had developed. The university served the demand which was dominant in the spiritual life of Russia—the demand for generalized theoretical knowledge. It was well fitted to turn out men who would

correspond to the ideals of the intelligentsia—men with a broad general education. On the other hand, it neglected that aspect of its problem which was thought less of by the Russian intelligentsia—technical preparation for professional tasks.

A jurist-graduate of a Russian university was familiar with the names of all economists and could find his way among the various theories of land-rent. But he was thoroughly unprepared to compose a single legal paper and was helpless when confronted with the simplest case before a Justice of the Peace. Nevertheless he regarded himself—and not without reason—as an intelligent person. This to him was most important. Perhaps he was right.

ALEXIS GOLDENWEISER.

THE COUNTESS DE NOAILLES.

THE poetry of the Countess de Noailles perhaps represents the most perfect expression in contemporary French literature of that restless, unappeasable longing, that thirst to exhaust the universe of experience, which has been so conspicuously revived in our own literature of the present century. Certainly of all the modern poets of France she is the most fervent, and her lyric genius, with its preference for clear, supple, robust rhythms, is perhaps the most musical in Europe to-day.

Like several other contemporary French poets, the Countess de Noailles is of foreign extraction. She is descended through her father from the old Wallachian family of the Bibescos, to whom were transferred in the nineteenth century the titles and dignities of the house of Brancovan. On her mother's side she is descended from the ancient Greek family of the Musurus, long resident in Crete. Musurus Pasha, her grandfather, was Turkish ambassador in London, where his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" into Greek verse appeared in 1882. Thus, like André Chenier and more recently Jean Moréas, Mme. de Noailles mingles Greek blood with French education and sympathy. She was born in Paris, and her childhood was spent on the banks of the Seine, in the beautiful Ile de France whose charm she is never tired of celebrating. Each summer the family went to the Château d'Amphion on Lake Geneva, a spot which entranced the child-poet with its dual aspect of soft, voluptuous beauty and rude Alpine grandeur, while its historical associations soon set her eager, imaginative mind to work on thoughts of St. Francis of Sales and of Rousseau. Here she lived amid the beauty and grandeur of nature, which soon came to have as strong an influence on her susceptible spirit as the music of Chopin and Beethoven which poured forth from the château over garden and lake. Nature and music, the twin gods of her childhood, were later to become the main sources of her poetry.

The ardour which flows spontaneously into the poetry of Mme. de Noailles, crystallizing there into forms of exquisite and magic beauty, is the quality which gives her most of all her personal distinction. Her physical presence brings with it the feeling of an access of life, as if emotion had been personified and were throwing itself generously and wholly into the experience of the moment. She lives with the spontaneity and exaltation which in one of her novels, "La Nouvelle Espérance," she attributes to Jerome's singing:

Jérôme chantait comme les enfants jettent des cris, de toute la force de sa vie, d'une manière qui semblait l'exalter et l'épuiser; et c'était singulièrement émouvant chez cet

¹ These "practical studies" corresponded to the seminars of American universities.—A. A. G.

*être délicat et vif ce désordre et cette violence dont il sem-
blait qu'il allait mourir.*

But her rapid gestures, her eager voice and quick replies recall also another side of herself and of her poetry, in their suggestion that, in spite of the seemingly unalterable youthfulness of her vitality, she is acutely conscious of the transience of mortal life.

*Vous si vivace et si profonde,
Âme de rêve et de transport,
Qui, pareille à la terre ronde
Portez tous les désirs du monde,
Buveuse de l'air et de l'onde
Pourrez-vous entrer dans ce port?*

*Dans le port de calme sagesse,
De ténèbres et de sommeil,
Où ni l'amour ni la détresse
N'étaient la tiède paresse,
Et ne font—mon âme faunesse—
Siffler les flèches du soleil!*

To cheat time she seizes life's fugitive hours with such eager fury that it might be said of her as of Rossetti, "life is a crisis at every moment"; and by her eagerness she evokes a quicker apprehension both of life's strength and ecstasy and of its frailty and transience.

In her poetry Mme. de Noailles sings the ancient lyrical themes with the freshness which they always seem to inspire in the mind of a true poet; she blends the description of country scenes, of dawn and sunset, the seasons' changes, in fact all the aspects of nature, with the lyrical outpourings of her own emotions, turning from the magnificence of the morning sky to the anguished realization of her close mortal imprisonment, and from the contemplation of the beauty of flowers to reflections on fleeting youth and transient life. To her contact with nature she brings an acute sensibility by which she is able to lay hold of the subtle and track down the elusive in every impression. The susceptibility to physical beauty of her Greek ancestors has descended upon her in all its vigour and delicacy. Wherever she goes, sensuous impressions thrust themselves imperiously upon her: form, colour, smell, taste, touch, all alike delight or torture her. She goes through life with a mind full of the scenes and scents and sounds which assail her so vigorously, and which, by a happy gift of analysis and expression, rivalling her gift of sensibility, she is able to recapture in her verse. With her, the most subtle impression seems naturally to evoke its own poetic form, in words which by their sound convey the true quality of the original. In this she recalls Keats, or Gautier, of whom Sainte-Beuve said that he banished the word inexpressible from the French language. It would seem as if she had found new "inexpressibles" to conquer; although perhaps her fresh vision and suggestive expression are quite as remarkable when she renders with the vividness of newly apprehended joy, themes as often sung as the gentle melody of a springtime dawn:

*L'aubépine avançait une aile de feuillage,
Mousseuse dans l'azur; je contemplais le jour;
On entendait au loin respirer les villages;
La nature croissait, hésitante d'amour.*

or the voluptuous joy of a summer morning:

*O candide beauté des riants éléments:
L'azur, l'onde, le sol, tout est envolement!
L'abeille aux bonds chantants, vigoureusement molle,
Roule, tangue, s'abat de corolle en corolle,
Dans l'éther sans embu, et pareil au cristal,
L'oiseau sème ses cris comme un blé musical.*

The fresh tang of morning air, the languorous perfumes of midday, the song of a bird lacerating the sky with poignant cries, the noise of the many-arrowed rain falling on a tired garden, the murmur of movement and growth which is the voice of spring, the candid charm of an opening flower, the luminous haze of evening, the red leaves of autumn whirling in mad career; every phase of nature is translated into phrases where the vehemence or the purity of the original has been modulated into music and chiselled into art.

The early lyrics of Mme. de Noailles are, like Herrick's, full of a sense of faun-haunted woods and the spontaneity of a younger world where thought has not yet developed its modern complexity. For her, Christianity does not exist, except perhaps as an emanation of voluptuous ecstasy which has developed along different lines from her own; of its puritanical side she is unconscious. Her world is the world of Dionysian rapture and sensuous delight in which Gautier lived. Life leads her, a wandering huntress, through the woods and valleys of the earth, down to the babbling streams, up to the solitary places, where she roams, adventurous, insatiable. Alone with the tumultuous rapture of her heart, which beats in tune with the magic and the glory of the visible world, she sings her pagan song:

*Moi qui porte en mon sang et jusqu'au fond des os
Tes soleils et ton cri, divin Dionysos!*

*Puisque nul cœur païen ne dit suffisamment
La splendeur des flots bleus pressés au firmament
Puisqu'il semble que l'âpre et l'énergique lyre
Ait cessé sa folie, ait cessé son délire,
Puisque dans les forêts jamais ne se répand
L'appel rauque, touffu, farouche du dieu Pan,
Ahl qu'il monte de moi, dans le matin unique,
Ce cri brûlant, joyeux, épouvanté, hardi,
Plus fort que le plaisir, plus fort que la musique,
Et qu'un instant l'espace en demeure étourdi*

In her poems there is a constant sense of the generous profligacy of nature, of the quick-rising sap of spring growth, and of the creative rapture which attends the new-born day. Like all poets, Mme. de Noailles is a great lover, and above all else in nature she loves the source and giver of light, the sun, apt symbol of her own ardour. "Never was bard in youth so literally moonstruck" as Keats; never has poet loved, worshipped and identified himself with the sun so thoroughly as Mme. de Noailles.

*Ma joie est un jardin dont vous êtes la rose,
Enorme soleil d'or, flamme en corolle éclose,
Archange au seuil du jour, Soleil essentiel
Dont les rayons glissants, comme des fils de miel
Pendent dans les jardins et se tissent au lierre,
O Soleil bourdonnant, cymbale de lumière,
Fanfare étincelante, élan de flûtes d'or,
Laissez que les deux bras levés, en quel essor!
Je vous répète un chant, infini, monotone*

Side by side with this pervasive mystical paganism which, regardless of the Greece of academic tradition, claims close blood-relationship with the authentic Greece of the great lyrist of antiquity, there is in Mme. de Noailles's verse a strain more docile and homely, more chastened and more sophisticated. It may be said with perhaps as much truth as such a sweeping statement can ever convey, that while her mystic rapture is the outcome of heredity and the East, this more decorous and reasonable sweetness is the outcome of the French environment into which she was born and to which she later attached herself by strong bonds of love and admiration. In this more

subdued mood she has been called "La Muse des Jardins"; in it she has sudden bursts of simple friendly homeliness which bring her back from her wide horizons and wild tempests to the warm comfort of quiet pleasures and human contact; in it she sings France and its suave, harmonious beauty. In "Le Poème de L'Ile-de-France," she describes the quiet, orderly charm of the country watered by the Seine, the sense of well-being and happiness which pervades it.

*Ah! si j'ai quelquefois désiré voir la Perse,
Si Venise me fût le dieu que je rêvais:
De quel autre bonheur plus tendre me transperce
La douceur d'un beau soir qui descend sur Beauvais.*

The beauty of the Haute-Savoie and the peace of the garden of her childhood also calm and charm her to this gentler mood.

*Je vois, je comprends, je devine
La vie aimable, douce, fine
De la nature, du verger
Où le silence vient loger.
J'écarte l'ardeur violente
Par qui ma vie est si brûlante.*

The historical and romantic associations of France draw her yet further from her "*ardeur violente*" and she becomes absorbed in the world of the past, dreaming of its heroes and poets and endeavouring to lift the veil which hides its passions. Although even her ardour can not drag the story of the past out of its stocks and stones, she is able to catch the exact subjective effect made on the onlooker by the sight of past grandeur. In her poem on Versailles, after picturing the gardens in their former glory, when human beauty and human pride found in them an appropriate setting, she describes how the indolent peace, instead of pleasing, fills her with a feeling of vague disquiet approaching fear, as, all around her, an oppressive sense of despairing emptiness whispers of a world which has for ever lost its inhabitants.

DOROTHY MARTIN.

(To be concluded.)

APHORISMS.

It is often said that intellectual curiosity "purifies everything it touches." The adjective is insidious, for curiosity by itself, naïve, wide-eyed curiosity, can make almost anything clean. To the inquisitive all things are pure. Gossips, whether in literature or common life, are the most innocent people that can be found; to discover what lewdness is, one must go to those who listen to them half-unwillingly. Scientists are the most pure people in the world and to anyone who is troubled by repressions or by conscience they appear almost charmingly naïve. In philosophies round which a faint and unpleasant odour hangs there is some inhibition of curiosity; and some emotion, not curiosity, enters into them. They would have been "cured" by a little more curiosity. What gives one's words a bad conscience is the desire to discover things which one wishes at the same time to conceal; it is the longing to see unclean things, but to look at them through one's fingers, so that even in contemplation they remain unclean. The inquisitive man, however, does not see unclean things, but only things; for it does not matter how unrepresentable a thing may be, if it is regarded calmly it becomes wonderfully inoffensive. The seduction of Brantôme's "La Vie des Dames Galantes" is not the seduction of sex; it is the charm of the unembarrassed curiosity maintained there before the vagaries of sex. The "French novel" which has been blamed by Puritans for its sexual attraction, really attracts us by its attitude of curiosity, its frankness. Half the charm of cynicism is in its open-mindedness: when a sordid thought is uttered publicly, in a roomful of people or in a book, it is no

longer sordid but merely an object of attention. Cynical writers thus make us disinterested and enable us to regard evil intelligently, and to see it without attraction. They are the scientists of morals.

To be interested in scandal is perhaps the first qualification for writing without clumsiness on morals. Lacking that, one's observations are bound to be without concreteness, and to meander on complacently without demonstration. The France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was noted for its gossip, its memoirs, letters and comedies, and it was celebrated also for a set of moralists who had an almost supreme capacity for seizing the rule and allowing the legitimate exception, and for holding the balance between virtue and vice with just the fit inclination on the side of virtue. Conversation was then more gross than it is to-day; a greater variety of motives and passions were discussed openly and with more freedom than now; and consequently people were less afraid of transgressions, and could show more subtlety in avoiding or in indulging them. This frankness in conversation was the training-ground for La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère and Chamfort, and gave them that niceness in tracing general rules and in defining nuances which make them appear to-day a little irreverent towards morality; for whoever takes morality practically has always the danger of seeming to be immoral. The honesty with which the French moralists talked about virtue was only equalled by the frankness with which they wrote about vice. There they were unscrupulously clear and clean, and they filled books with a sort of universal scandal, scandal not about individuals merely, but about mankind, the most witty, mordant and enjoyable scandal that has ever been penned. This must have been then a great moral relief (it is so still); for in talking of it one can make everything pleasurable. Even our fear of death can be mitigated by words. Fontenelle formulated at this time a characteristic objection to war: it interrupted conversation, he said.

THE rule is solemn; the exception is witty.

A SERIOUS philosopher should be trusted only when he is witty. Wit is the sign that after casting himself into profundities he has been lucky enough to catch himself back again. It is his laugh of relief that he has not been lost.

CURIOSITY equalizes: if we look at anything long enough it is reduced or increased to an equality with ourselves. The object of our contemplation may be an insect or the universe; the one fills our mind and the other can do nothing more. As a fragment, five feet six inches, of flesh and mind, regarding curiously the universe, I am on an equal footing with it. Curiosity, therefore, gives a sense of inward solidity, and an unembarrassed mien before the totality of things, which make for freedom. The attitude of mystery before the universe, on the other hand, fills us with a conviction of inferiority and of impotence; the poet, accordingly, as the inheritor of mystery, is in practical matters more helpless than other men. The Greeks were the first people known to us in whom the attitude of curiosity was strongly incarnated; and it is still the attitude which distinguishes Europe from the remainder of the world. Its results have been personality, and with the multiplication of persons, democracy, modern science, the exploitation of nature—the expression of an irreverent attitude to nature, and one which for all we know may be an abysmal act of blasphemy and something finally wrong and incapable of bringing happiness. But at any rate we are committed to it, and it has given us our freedom in the Western sense. The Eastern races who, with the great exception of China, have to this day retained the attitude of mystery, have never felt themselves the equals of "the world," but only inferior or superior to it. Politically, this is expressed in the arbitrary absolute monarchies of the East, and in the fatalistic and superior submission of the people to them. Society, too,

is a mystery to the Asiatic peoples, and they would probably condemn as a little mean and childish any attempt to rationalize it.

PEOPLE are more timid in their thoughts than they are in their actions; and a man will suddenly die for a cause as an escape from the ever present thought that he may die for it. We suffer many things without very strictly scrutinizing them; what we can not endure is the thought that we are suffering. We offend in deed against honour and morality, and survive it, sometimes to our own surprise; but we do not dare often to offend against them in thought, and when we do we suffer subtly and cruelly. To transgress in deed one requires only weakness; but to sin in thought one needs daring and resolution. But most necessary of all for this kind of offence is the capacity to move in a line of one's own, which is not the road of the multitude, and indeed takes one inexorably away from it and casts one into the midst of loneliness. When we sin in deed we sin as species, but when we sin in thought we sin as individuals, and we must bear on our own shoulders the full weight of our sin. Because the remorse it leaves is so much more poignant than that left by any other, the intellectual sin has been called the sin against the Holy Ghost.

OUR consciences become bad when, busied only apparently with things, we do not give our spirit to them, and are at the centre of our being in a state of metaphysical idleness; then, in spite of ourselves, we feel loaded and rammed down with sin. Intellectually we may have reduced morality to mere utility; we may even be sceptics who believe that "all things are allowable," yet we can not sin in the most modest way without suffering scruples and agonies, and at the same time we lose also that pleasure in sin which draws men so omnipotently towards it. Our very goodness disgusts us, and we are miserable without knowing it. The man, on the other hand, whose whole spirit is bent on a purpose, can indulge almost any passion, enjoy almost any pleasure, with a feeling which is like innocence. The man of action and the artist are far less guilty in their own eyes than in the eyes of other people. Movement, even impetuosity, is the condition of spiritual health; and if our *tempo* is slower than another man's we can not judge him; we think of him as a stagnant pool generating its poison, whereas he is a rapid stream in which everything is free and healthy.

SOME people prefer compromise to a solution, even when the solution is easier; almost all practical men, for example: their finesse in bargaining is much better expressed where there is compromise than where there is merely finality.

IF truth were not necessary to us, if we could exist entirely without it, amiability would be the supreme virtue.

WHEN a writer sets down his pen carelessly, the whole world should be as dismayed as when a surgeon makes a reckless pass with his scalpel; for the existence of truth is at least as important as the life of one individual. Nevertheless the latter error appears infinitely more heinous to us because, although the murder is individual, we all feel it in our flesh; while truth has not become so essentially a part of us that we suffer from a particular or general butchery of it. We know that a literary crime is a crime, but we do not believe it. Yet great misfortunes may be precipitated, wars and famines may be procreated, by the careless or the unscrupulous use of a pen or of a hundred pens. The whole thing is still more amazing if it should be that we believe in our hearts that the soul is immortal, for then the literary dishonesty of one man may consign thousands to eternal torment. Most people do live on the assumption of individual immortality, yet the truth, even on that point, is of the least consequence to them. There is a general impression that

the road which leads to ineffable, eternal glory is very broad and convenient, and packed with the bourgeoisie.

IF two men live together for five years they will have the same thoughts. They will quarrel continually, however, over the best way of expressing them.

THE strongest support of common social conventions is not fear of ridicule or of the law, but simple gregariousness, the desire, deep, naïve and spontaneous, to do the same things as other people. How absurdly alike the members of a club become; they begin by thinking alike, they end by eating alike. We all desire at the same time not to be taken for anybody else and to be like everybody else. So long as this instinct lasts there is no fear for convention. Its chief agents, and perhaps the chief agents of human solidarity, are those facile, pliable spirits who begin to do what everybody else does just a week or so before everybody else begins to do it. The necessity to conform has little to do with the success of fashions. Conformity implies unwillingness, but this desire is active and spontaneous.

THERE is a niggardliness which is merely a noble moderation in generosity so that the giver may not be ashamed. To be very benevolent a man must be a little insensitive; his feelings must be large, undifferentiated, and not too nice. Many men are inhumane through a too absolute deference to taste.

EDWIN MUIR.

PHANTOM.

(Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan.)

X

I STILL remember just how startled I was when Marie Stark stepped into my room one day, bringing me the Uhland which her father had just bound. She is just my age, and we were then twenty-four. She came without a hat, her dark hair simply parted in the middle; she had brown eyes and wore a blue shawl over her shoulders. Our positions in life had a certain similarity, in that I took the place of breadwinner for my mother and she had to act as housekeeper for her father. Her appearance was somewhat womanly even at that time. She looked like a pretty young matron.

I was startled, because I had at that time a quite inexplicable fear of women. Aside from my mother and sister, and not forgetting Aunt Schwab, I had made the acquaintance of neither maid nor matron. Of course I had occasionally exchanged words in shops with proprietress or sales-girl, but that is a matter which alters nothing in the above-mentioned circumstance. Even with harlots I have never had anything to do, less out of chastity than fear. Besides, that was much too expensive anyway.

Marie Stark had a very natural, frank, and unembarrassed manner. I was myself agreeably surprised to see how quickly I was rid of my own fear and constraint. I have forgotten what may have been talked about at this first visit of hers. At any rate, she soon recognized that my foremost care was as much my mother as hers was her father. She fairly idolized her father, as I really almost idolized my mother.

Such were the conditions under which we met.

We also rejoiced at many another common interest, and strangely enough at the fact that neither of us wished to marry, but that we felt ourselves called upon, she to care for her father, I for my mother, till the end of their lives.

XI

We understood each other, then, and had the impression that we had found each other; and this finding was a stroke of good luck. Two isolated people, alike in age, had met and were enjoying together the happiness of natural comradeship. It became customary for us to discuss with each other the most important matters, *i.e.*, whatever seemed important to us in the care both of

our aged charges and of our households. Informal calls on the always good-humoured old bookbinder became a habit with me, and Marie too visited me not infrequently.

That Mother liked to see Marie Stark come, I doubt. She could not really say anything against the girl, but I assume that she saw as it were a rival in her, that is, she was disquieted by the thought that Marie might take me from her. I know that her plan of life was absolutely based on my remaining single.

My mother clung to me like a drowning person. I often felt this with almost terrifying clearness. She was distrustful of everybody who came near me or preferred any sort of claim on me; not merely of Marie.

The clerk Lorenz Lubota—the sonorous name Lubota is my just heritage from my father—this clerk, then, who limped as if he had a club-foot, and who, when he saw himself in the mirror, could never get an approximately satisfactory impression of himself, was at that time not far from being vain of himself and his worth. Besides his mother and Marie Stark, there was still a third woman, Aunt Schwab, whom I have already named several times, who idolized him as a model of virtue.

XII

Before I speak of Aunt Schwab, the only sister of my mother, it may be well to recall that I have landed in a quiet haven. Also I will take a few puffs at my pipe, in order to calm myself in every respect. It can do no harm to ascertain that, down below, the little shop-bell tinkles again and again; the evidence of a decent and honest livelihood. I grafted roses this spring, painted my seven pear-trees and fourteen apple-trees with lime, prepared my vegetable garden, hung up starling-boxes, even put two beehives in operation . . . good; enough of that.

Aunt Schwab, who had a pawnshop, was hated by my mother for several reasons. She had increased tenfold the property inherited from her father, whereas the fortune of my mother had been used up in her marriage. A life of work and care had made my mother poor; a life of enjoyment, free from care in the main, had made Aunt Schwab rich. Mother could not forgive her that.

But Mother even thought herself overreached by her sister in the regulation of their inheritance from their parents. In her direst need she urgently begged Aunt Schwab for a loan in order to save her husband from prison and when the latter at first refused it, she came out with this conviction, which naturally resulted in an embittered wrangle. However, this once Aunt Schwab gave her the money, as I have already said.

The dislike of my mother for my aunt had been considerably intensified by the entire transaction, as also by the debt, which she obviously could not pay off.

My aunt passed far more gentle judgment on my mother, than my mother on her. "She has brought the honest name of Schwab," so my mother would say, "into disgrace and shame as a usurious witch. When one considers that our father was in the city council . . ." She was surely not wrong, my good mother, in viewing as a decline the development of a councilor's daughter into a pawnbroker. But she called her "usurious witch" and other worse names, pointing to a connexion with elements that find a home in thieves' dens and houses of ill fame.

Aunt Schwab's opinion of me and preference for me resembled my mother's. Doubtless she knew what the love of man signifies, but she had never in her life got beyond one or two engagements, and had remained unmarried. Her business she had always conducted alone, in view of her peculiar talent for figures. After passing the age of forty-five, when small disabilities of old age began to appear, she often needed help, and it was only natural that she should bethink herself of her nephew, whom she could quite justly regard at that time as a painfully honest person.

Now the circumstance that I regularly spent an evening twice a week with Aunt Schwab, in order to chat

with her, drink a cup of tea, and at the same time look over her books, once more increased Mother's dislike of Aunt, of whom she said that she was capping the climax by trying to rob her of her own blood. But she was on the other hand shrewd enough, too, not to oppose any obstacle to my calls on the supposed testatrix. However, it was not hard to conceal her jealousy and her hatred from her sister, since they had not laid eyes on each other for years.

XIII

The position which I occupied between the hostile or at least estranged sisters is of decisive importance in that chain of events which led to the dire catastrophe of my life. I saw my aunt with the eyes of my mother and learned to hate and despise her. I saw her with my own eyes and learned to judge her most leniently, to understand her somewhat, but not to love and esteem her. My mother was not wrong in fearing that by becoming involved in her business circles, my soul might come to harm.

I graft roses and fruit-trees, bisect worms with my spade, live peaceably with my wife and my father-in-law, have found an inner harmony, a settlement and a conclusion, and am certain of ending my life as a contemplator, without further engaging in a "deed"—deeds dull the wits!—of any sort. We must then take it into the bargain, if Aunt Schwab really does occasionally visit me in my dreams.

XIV

I have hitherto mentioned my brother and sister only in passing. They are outwardly very different from me. So marked is the difference between us that not even a so-called family resemblance can be discerned. But my brother and my sister are also outwardly very different. Both are unqualifiedly beautiful, yet the beauty of my brother is more of a delicate and spiritual nature, whereas the charm of my sister consists in a certain primitiveness which is at the same time rather bizarre.

She has the head of a youth. As she wears her hair bobbed, this intensifies the masculine impression she makes. She resembles the head of the Hermes of Praxiteles, which is so widely copied as a plaster cast. Her neck is very sturdy, her breast broad, but, with your permission, likewise not very womanly. She is slender and firm in build. Her movements are large and free. That her hips are not broad is self-evident, after the above. Her voice is deep, her speech brusque and unconventional. She had great confidence in me, as I have said, whereas my influence upon her was slight. From her fifteenth year she consistently went her own way, which again agreed perfectly with her self-willed, mannish habits. Her name was Melanie, but it did not suit her. She might have been named Konrad, Jungsiegfried, or the like.

My brother Hugo attended the art-school. My nature was much too steady-going, my spirit much too weighed down, to possess in the beginning any appreciation of what he brought home with him from there. The world of artists, of painters and sculptors, remained alien to me at that time. I never looked into it, although an unwearying enthusiasm sought to open it for me.

I had indeed already heard the opinion uttered that he who did not believe in Jesus Christ was lost both here and yonder, in this world and the next, but not, as my brother maintained, that it was the same with those who had no appreciation of the music of a Beethoven, the lyrics of a Hölderlin, the painting of a Rembrandt, or the plastic art of the Greeks.

I was not envious of my brother because he was as handsome as a young god and was smiled at by all the young girls when he passed by, but I should not have been sorry to be as fortunate, and when he spoke of the power of beauty, which one must feel in order to begin to live, I did not indeed understand him then, but his words gave me food for thought, as the saying is. Long before I really felt the power of beauty, I pondered on it, stimulated by him. He was wont to say, using the words of Christ, but in reference to beauty: "Unless ye

be born again, ye can not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

And so I have once more arrived at Veronica Harlan and her wonder-working picture.

XV

In this picture and still more in its original, whom I saw by accident by the whipping-post before the city hall of Breslau, as already recorded, the power of beauty dawned upon me. It dawned upon me in a way and manner of which my dear brother Hugo, the painter, hardly dreamed. A certain Melitta, I said, had given me the picture. Melitta was a girl whom I loved only because a certain resemblance to Veronica endowed her with a faint reflection of Veronica's beauty, so that in her, too, the terrible power of beauty was operative. But enough of Melitta; I shall not anticipate.

I have already written, "So much I think I can say, that when the spark fell upon my soul, a vast pile of fuel had collected in both soul and body." With respect to that spark the question has been asked: divine or devilish? Sufficient if this spark, taken by and large, is equivalent to "power of beauty."

XVI

It was on the 28th of May, 1900, at twelve o'clock noon, that I first set eyes on Veronica Harlan and that my destiny thus took its great turn, which might never again be reversed.

I was just coming home that day, and I shall never forget that an inconceivable alteration had taken place there, without there being in fact the slightest change. It seemed to me as if one must perforce stifle in such mole-runs and holes as these narrow corridors and little rooms, although I had lived in them for many years with great contentment. The ill repair of the floor in my room struck me, the spots of mould on the faded, flowered wall paper, the great cracks in the tile-stove, the ink-blots on the table-tops and around the table, the cobwebs in the corners, the lime-twigs black with dead and dying flies, and other things besides.

My condition was incomprehensible and painful even to myself. As when Bottom, the weaver, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," being turned into an ass, suddenly has a craving for oats, so I seemed to have the fastidious senses of a royal being, whose eyes are wont to gloat upon marble and gold. I had the impression of a positively insulting, wholly repellent ugliness.

It hurt me, twice and thrice over, that I likewise got this impression during the usual noon-meals in our little kitchen, that I even found my eyes and ears offended by the appearance, the speech, and the behaviour of my own dear mother. Fuzz adhered to her venerable grey hair, her teeth were neglected. I felt that she dumped my food before me as if I were one of those creatures that eat out of mangers and troughs. In short, whatever she did, whatever she said, although it was nothing but what she daily said and did, I found myself offended and tortured by every detail.

XVII

This manner of seeing and feeling was new to me, and wholly perplexing. It extended to all the daily and common things that came before my eyes in and out of the house. I had perceived something that had now entered my soul, as it were, and was dwelling in it: a something, a sainted image if you will, whereby the lowly and pitiful hut of my soul was transformed into a hallowed cathedral. But this cathedral and this image were now in the wash of an unspeakably base, unspeakably ugly, everyday world, which I had till now really not seen at all.

The highly surcharged state into which I had fallen gave me concern. For although it inwardly renewed and exalted me in an undreamed-of manner, yet I was not unlike a ship that has been torn loose from its safe anchorage. At the same time, my new way of seeing people and things made me unhappy in itself. I knew well that I had previously seen men and things with other eyes and had felt myself in harmony with them. But

that was ended; I could now no longer see anything with those lost eyes, or recover that lost harmony. Had I perhaps fallen a victim to some severe psychic disease, which had as it were poisoned the sight of my eyes? Was this disease perhaps even a physical one?

How shall one live in a world in which everything, everything, is indifferent or nauseous to one?

XVIII

I had such a feeling, as I can clearly recall, as one very likely has after the bite of a serpent, whose poison has made its way into one's body. It circulates in the blood, do what one will to extract it. I had without doubt had a poisonous bite or had been infected by the poison of some disease. One need not die of it by any means; but I could feel that a possibly fatal illness involving unspeakable suffering would infallibly result from it. Should one submit oneself to it with patience, await the possibly infernal crisis in the hope of eventual healing, which was perhaps worse than death?

Some days after the occurrence at the whipping-post, the distraction and derangement of my spirit was so great that several times I barely resisted the violent impulse to throw myself under a passing truck.

XIX

Had I said this before my judges, they would probably have regarded it as an exaggeration very transparent in its intent. This intent is done away, since I am at most my own judge now and have nothing to do with other judges excepting God. But to pull the wool over the eyes of God and myself can not possibly be my intent.

However, I do not say that in my extremity I saw only this one expedient, namely: suicide. I weighed it and inclined to it when at certain moments the thought of hopelessness had united, I might say victoriously, with weariness of life. But the fuel in my soul which the spark had kindled into a fire that now smouldered, now merely crackled, now lifted tongues of flame, but at times burst into a roaring blaze—that displayed countless variegated phenomena which I will describe as well as may be.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE REPUBLIC.

SIRS: No national holiday has been declared, but everybody knows that to-day is the third birthday of the Republic. There is much work to be done for a baby republic whose infant clothes are still embroidered with royal monograms. The crowns and crests are in the very stones of the Reichstag building, though in view of the birthday-celebration, they have been removed from the towers and the flagstuffs, from every place, indeed, where such removal would not endanger the structure itself.

So, also, in the body politic. The new regime breathes, but not with perfect freedom, while the old gasps in secret hiding-places. It will soon die a death of atrophy. Only mourning relatives sympathize with the mortifying flesh. Its spirit has already gone. Youth has no bond of memory with age, and the Republic is young. There is a new life to grow, and work to do, and time is continually marking off the seconds. The young Republic is not ill, merely weak and uncertain of itself.

At twelve o'clock sharp, a guard of honour goose-steps into the square in front of the Reichstag. A busy, matter-of-fact people has no time to think up new military formalities, so it borrows from its relatives or its ancestors. A few hundred people wait in good order for the appearance of the President, the former saddle-maker, Ebert. The other four million are busy in factories, offices, railway-offices.

Presently, motor-cars roll along the approach to the Reichstag, and representatives step out and enter the assembly-hall. An unobtrusive motor stops in the Tier-

garten. The President of the Republic leaves the machine, and is in the midst of a group of officials before he is recognized and saluted. He shakes hands with them and smiles. Stocky, square-headed, with a close-cropped black pompadour, sharp eyes, and a full-blooded face, he walks firmly beside his military attaché, past the guard of honour that has lined up to greet him. As he walks up the broad outer steps of the Reichstag, the military band plays "Deutschland über Alles." The bystanders look questioningly at one another. Where formerly every throat would have burst into song with patriotic passion, there is now only wonder—and silence.

The new colours of the Republic, black, red, gold, fly from the towers of the Reichstag building, and from the two huge flag-poles in the garden below. They are draped about the imperial loge within, where the President sits with the guest of honour, Dr. Preuss, the drafter of the Constitution. Beside Dr. Preuss sits the President of the State of Baden, Dr. Hummel, who is to deliver the birthday-oration.

Words are futile things. A birthday must be celebrated with music. The Philharmonic Orchestra opens the solemn meeting with Beethoven's "Egmont Overture." Baden's President rises, and draws word-pictures of the old and the new Germany. With characteristic sentimentalism, he describes the starving country of 1918, and then pleads for the slowly recuperating land of 1922. All about him are physical evidences of the recuperation. During the war, the man in the street had a normal waist line. To-day—well, the German always ate heartily when he could.

A thousand-voiced "*Hoch*" greets Dr. Hummel's call to work for the young Republic. Then the orchestra strikes up "Deutschland über Alles." Within the Reichstag, every one sings. There are no questioning glances. A short pause, and the orchestra plays the prelude to "The Mastersingers" and the Reichstag birthday-party is over.

The street-cars run as usual; the workingman completes his shift in the factory. The foreigners parade all day in and out of the coffeehouses. The thousand and one small orchestras play their variations of American jazz, interspersed with hits from German operettas, most of which have been purchased for American production next season. No one seems to know that this is the birthday of the Republic.

Night on Unter den Linden. Near the old castle on the Spree that once housed the brilliant courts of former emperors, is a huge park laid out like a university campus, but mellow with traditions and rich in old buildings. Lights are few in the park and in the broad square before the castle. Electricity is expensive and the city of Berlin has become economical. At eight o'clock, crowds drift toward the park, the Lustgarten. Thousands, tens of thousands, are already there. Workingmen come on bicycles from their tasks; young men with no shirts or undershirts, but clad only in coarsely woven suits to cover their nakedness. Shirts and undershirts are expensive, and laundry-soap costs money. Clerks with their wives or sweethearts walk slowly and munch sandwiches of butter and black bread, then carefully fold up the newspapers in which they were wrapped. Even to the opera people carry sandwiches wrapped in newspapers, and eat them while parading the lobby. They also eat them in street-cars, in the trains or on the thoroughfare.

The people are quiet and intense. Some new kind of show is to be held; but where? There is so little light. The green ones, the policemen who look like soldiers, with their side arms of dagger and pistol and their puttee-wound legs, stroll placidly up and down. They have nothing to do, no passage-ways to clear. The people do that instinctively. Those who stand on the sidewalks do not press forward. They stand and wait and talk quietly. A continuous stream of men and women and children—some boys and girls ride on their father's shoulders—flows toward the Lustgarten.

On a statue in the park, a torch flares up and kindles the night about it. It is a signal. On all sides, torches are lighted and held aloft. A thousand yellow-red flames make curious designs against the blackness. They move, procession-wise. There are heads and heads and heads.

Far in the distance, above the heads, on the steps of the great dome, is an even line of torches held aloft by human bearers, and in front of them a voice begins to thunder into the crowd. In another part of the park, on the steps of the Greek-columned museum there is another row of torches and another speaker. The speeches are short, vigorous pleas to work, to build up and to continue the Republic that has lived through three trying years. Speakers follow speakers, Ministers, representatives of the State and of the national Government. They are listened to quietly, they are applauded and "*Hoched*" when they conclude.

The steps of the opera house, almost a quarter of a mile away, are massed deeply with persons who want to see rather than to hear. Some, more daring than the rest, have swarmed upon the marquee to watch the demonstration. The opera-house authorities say nothing. The police saunter by and do nothing. They are the friends of the people. A half million people are celebrating their country's rebirth in a safe and sane way. There are no fireworks. The speakers wonder why that other Republic, three thousand miles away, does not see and with some kind word acknowledge the fact that a young republic is trying to grow up. They call upon the republicans and the democrats alike to forget politics, to forget the monarchy that has ruined the country, and to try to remember that a new nation, born in defeat, has come into being.

The crowd moves slowly out of the Lustgarten. Little groups gather to discuss important State matters—the song, "Deutschland über Alles," for one thing. It belongs to another age, says a workingman, who has not yet shed his sweaty clothes.

"That song must not be sung. It represents a spirit different from ours, a spirit that has brought us unwillingly to the state we are now in."

A business man interrupts: "It is our national song. The poet who composed it was an ardent patriot. Did he not say 'Deutschland über Alles?' He did not mean a Kaiser."

"That's just what is wrong," shouts the workingman. "What about other nations? Are we any better than they? To them, the song implies the self-glorification of Germany, a continuation of Wilhelmism."

The business man impudently retorts: "What do we care for other nations?"

"Yes, that is just what Wilhelm said. Look at us now. He does not have to suffer. But we, who *are* Germany, feel it in our shell-torn bodies and in our half-filled bellies. No nation can live alone. We need America, we need France, England, Russia. Where in hell were you during the past seven years?"

Another workingman, leaning on his bicycle, timidly and with carefully selected phrases, joins the discussion. He is undoubtedly a skilled mechanic and has studied.

"The spirit of the song is not boastful, but filled with love of country. Its interpretation has been false," he says.

"You may be right," the first workingman replies. "But we have been interpreting the song falsely. How can we then expect the rest of the world to know that we now understand the song's significance in a new spirit? We can not. And, as we dare not again try to live without other nations, the song must go until its real meaning is made clear."

The crowd gradually thins out. To-morrow is another working-day. The torches burn low, dying fires of a tired enthusiasm. Unter den Linden is a long procession of quiet, stolid people. They do not speak of the Republic, or of its birthday. They have been present at the demonstration and that is enough.

"I hope the weather will be nice Sunday. We haven't

had a day in the country for so long." The girl looks at her sweetheart hopefully. He puts his arm about her and kisses her quite without embarrassment. No one pays any attention to them.

"Mutti, have you another slice of bread?" asks a boy who marches proudly between his parents. The mother unfolds her newspaper-parcel and hands him half a slice.

The last torch has been extinguished. Only a few straggling pedestrians walk through the desolate Lustgarten and the square near the old castle. The green ones must wait a few minutes before reporting to their stations. They look like spectres guarding nothing.

I am, etc.,

Berlin, 12 August.

JEROME LACHENBRUCH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE LITERATURE OF WHALING.

SIRS: Mr. Lincoln Colcord, in his admirable article on "Moby Dick," which began in your issue of 23 August, says with regard to Melville's treatment of the whaling-industry that, "No one else has done such work, and no one will ever do it again; it alone serves to rescue from oblivion one of the most extraordinary episodes of human enterprise."

Mr. Colcord, apparently, has never heard of Frank T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachelot," which contains the most wonderful descriptions of the whaling-industry, written, too, by a man who knew ships and the sea as Melville never did. Some of his republished articles have been collected in "A Sack of Shakings," and many of these also deal with the whaling-industry.

Bullen is of the school of Defoe and George Borrow, and it is a pity that he should be neglected in America by those who love clear, vivid English, written by men who know the subjects with which they deal. I am, etc.,

Vancouver, B. C.

HERBERT E. TURTLE.

FROM A RUSSIAN JOURNAL.

SIRS: The August number of *Land and Liberty* (London, England) representing the Henry George theory of the taxation of land-values, has an interesting quotation from *Teristo*, a Russian Esperanto journal published at Moscow, which reads as follows:

Everything living comes from the land and fulfilling its destiny returns to the land. If land is made the exclusive property of some men, all other men, deprived of land, depend upon the landowners and practically become their slaves. Every social arrangement is based on the normal according to which land-rights are distributed amongst the inhabitants. The essence of all social reform is land reform. . . . Each man must enjoy equal rights to the land; each man must enjoy equal legal rights. . . . The mission of *Teristo* is to unite all who are animated by similar ideals, to investigate the realized manifestations of life, to register them, and distribute the information. Then according to the acquired experience, to work out and complete our conception of life and seek the way to true progress. . . . Laws must be enacted to prevent some people enjoying privileges which rob the people. . . . There is only one tax which the Government can rightly impose: the single tax on the value of land.

Tolstoy being dead yet speaketh to his countrymen. A long quotation appears from the booklet, "A Great Iniquity." I am, etc.,

Boston, Massachusetts.

WINIFRED B. COSSETTE.

IN CONTEMPT OF AMERICAN CULTURE.

SIRS: The contempt which is being poured on American culture manifests itself in most unexpected quarters. In the prospectuses circulated by New York's chief institution of learning, presided over by a gentleman (whose embarrassment I would spare by merely stating that his initials are N. M. B.) there follows after the name of the president the degrees conferred upon him by Oxford, Cambridge and Paris. Naturally one is curious to know whether no institution of learning on this side of the ocean has deemed his attainments worthy of recognition, or whether he deems American degrees of such small moment as not to be worthy of display. Perhaps there is still another reason; that they are so numerous that to recite them all would be too tedious and to select would seem invidious.

Whatever be the reason, the result is damaging to the amour-propre of American universities, and I suggest that you open your columns to any explanation which the delinquent may offer. I am, etc.,

New York City

MARTIN McMIX.

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN NOURISHMENT.

SIRS: In spite of living in New York, it is evident that the members of the *Freeman's* staff still remember that man has certain basic relations to the soil. I wonder if you happen to know that remarkable work by Jean Brunhes of the Collège de France, called "Human Geography," published in English by Bowman and Dodge. There are 600 pages filled with paragraphs like this:

As for our nourishment, it is formed of plant or animal products, products which all come from beings occupying a place at the surface of the globe. More than that, the terrestrial animals from which human beings draw their nourishment feed upon plants or other animals which themselves feed upon vegetables. The geography of alimentation is connected not only with the general geography of life, but with the special geography of vegetation. Reduced to lowest terms, we find in almost all human nourishment a portion of the vegetal covering of the earth; the representative of a herbivorous species—ox, sheep, rabbit, camel, antelope, or elephant—crops each day for food the grasses of a small part of the earth's surface. Man's daily attitude is more exalted; his head and his tongue are farther from the soil; the food which the civilized man, or even the savage, assimilates has often been not only prepared but transported a long distance from its place of origin. And yet, if one looks closely, the meals of a human being represent, directly or indirectly, the 'cropping' of a more or less limited expanse of the vegetal carpet, natural or cultivated, and show clearly that each person requires a 'sustenance-space' as he requires a 'house-space' in his hours of rest and sleep.

I am, etc.,

North Stonington, Connecticut.

ROY NASH.

JAMES THOMSON.

SIRS: All lovers of literary justice are indebted to Mr. Powys for his fine appreciation of one of the most amazing figures of the nineteenth century. His article in the *Freeman* of 6 September is not only luminous but timely. Thomson's mastery of technique won praise from the start, even when this praise was grudging and patronizing. It is only within recent times and for excellent reasons that the prophetic quality in his terrible poem has been appreciated as it deserves.

I think Mr. Powys is inclined, perhaps unconsciously, to overstress the catastrophe of the poet's material and spiritual life. For long periods, as with his translation of Leopardi, he was congenially if not lucratively busy. Even after the break with Charles Bradlaugh, which was the final blow to his worldly prospects, the support of loyal, disinterested friendships did not fail him, even to the threshold of the grave he coveted. The brochure by Bertram Dobell, "The Laureate of Pessimism," and Mr. Salt's larger "Life," neither of which is easy to obtain now, offer testimony to this.

Ten years ago, I spent a long afternoon in Brooklyn with one of these friends, an elderly English man of letters who may still be living and who described for me in unforgettable phrase the last days of James Thomson's earthly ordeal. Insomnia had driven him to long and aimless nocturnal wanderings on many of which my informant had been his companion and bodyguard. One picture that has burned into my consciousness is that of the dying poet, seated on a chair in a dark London "mews" at dawn and being fed like a child with tiny bits of pork-sausage highly peppered, the only food he could stomach, the while rough night-cabmen stood around, whispering wonderingly but never failing to show the tact and sympathy which the poor and humble keep for a brother in misfortune. I am, etc.,

H. L. S.

EXTRACTING SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

SIRS: Professor Irving Fisher complains, in his letter in the *Freeman* of 6 September, of what he calls my "jibes" at his fantastic scheme for an expanding-contracting standard of values. I am sorry if I unintentionally injured his feelings. I have never knowingly jibed at the meanness of God's creatures, not even at a Yale Professor of Economics.

There is something more remarkable in Professor Fisher's letter than his amazing attempt to show that because the temperature of a building can be regulated by adding to, or taking from the supply of heat, it is possible to stabilize prices by a supposititious increase or decrease in the amount of gold in the standard dollar. What he thinks about the nature and functions of a measure of values is not important. What is of very great importance is the fact that a person whose letter shows an utter inability to reason correctly from ascertained facts should be employed as a teacher of economics in a great university.

Professor Fisher resorts to the old argument of saying that I oppose his rubber-wampum plan because I do not understand it. He then proceeds to show that my ignorance is equalled by his own, when he says that he does not propose to stabilize the dollar by adding to, or subtracting from the purchasing-power of the dollar, but to add to, or take from,

the gold in the dollar according to the readings of the index-number of prices. If this addition or subtraction does not change the dollar's purchasing-power, how can it possibly affect prices?

The simple truth is that Professor Fisher is profoundly ignorant of the subject upon which he has assumed to write as an authority. It is somewhat pathetic to find an instructor of thousands of young men bolstering up his crude notions by saying that they are approved by Mr. Roger Babson, the *Boston Herald*, and former Vice-President Marshall. To anyone who has read Mr. Babson's ratiocinations, or the "editorialene" platitudes of the *Boston Herald* on economic problems, it will not be surprising that they endorse Professor Fisher's stable-dollar theory; and of course, a Vice-President is a fount of wisdom on all conceivable subjects.

Professor Fisher invites me to suggest a better method for stabilizing prices than his imaginary change in the amount of gold in the dollar. I must respectfully decline. I know of no better way to extract sunbeams from cucumbers than that described by Dean Swift. I have not discovered any new method of lifting oneself by one's bootstraps; and since I am so stupid that I can not understand wisdom as it is purveyed by a Yale professor, I am quite sure that your readers would not be interested in anything that I might offer as a contribution towards the education of an educator. I am, etc.,

New York City.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

THE RACE-QUESTION IN TEXAS.

SIRS: I wish I could agree with your analysis, in your issue of 30 August, of the recent Democratic primary-vote in Texas in its bearing on the matter of race-prejudice. It would be comforting to believe that the sentiment on the Negro question was as evenly divided as the vote for and against the Ku-Klux candidates.

My observation as a sojourner here for the past several months, with a background of years spent in this State, is that the Negro question hardly entered into the campaign. It certainly played little part in the result in the larger cities which you mention. While it is true that in certain of the "black plantation-counties" Klan parades have exhibited such banners as "Nigger get to the cotton-patch and don't ask the price," the subject condition of the Negro is taken as a matter of course, in city and country alike. The Klan has a plank in its platform stressing this but little emphasis is laid on it. Unorganized mob-action is considered sufficient to "keep the Nigger in his place."

I think you are right in your position that "race-prejudice is strongest, not where the inter-racial relationship of assumed superiority and inferiority is most easily maintained, but where it is least secure" and this might be sustained by an analysis of the vote in the "black plantation-counties." The city vote gives no index in regard to this.

As I see it, the victory of the Klan in Texas was a victory of anti-Catholic (and to some extent anti-Jewish) prejudice and Puritanism over religious tolerance. I am told on good authority that ninety-five per cent of the Southern Baptists of the State are members of the Klan and seventy-five per cent of the Methodists. These are the leading religious denominations of the State; the former holding that all other church-groups (even Northern Baptists) are bound straight and sure for the realm of the Devil and his angels. To the minds of these "chosen of God" the Catholic Church is a great and terrible menace. Klan leaders ring the changes on the "all-embracing Empire of the Pope at Rome" and the blind loyalty of his followers no matter what their citizenship. Preachers are in high fettle in this denunciation.

There is enough difference of opinion on this question to make a sharp political contest and to build up the Klan organization, with the inevitable enrichment of the promoters' pockets and the advancement of the ambitions of certain politicians. I am sorry to say there would be no such contest on the Negro question. I know of many anti-Ku-Kluxers who are full of race-prejudice, but they see no race-menace and pass over that plank in the Klan platform. However, they do resent the secret rule and indiscriminate mob-action of the Klan on matters other than those relating to the race-question, and they have a certain religious tolerance which forbids them from "getting het up" over the "Catholic menace."

An anti-race-prejudice candidate in Texas would not get a hearing, and if he got his name on the ballot he would have to use a high-power magnifying glass and the United States Supreme Court to count his votes. I am, etc.,

Dallas, Texas.

CARL BRANNIN.

BOOKS.

A PLATONIC NATIONALIST.

THE opponents of Gambetta looked on him during his life-time as a would-be philosophical king who held abstractly the doctrine that a good republic consisted in a condition dependent on the votes of the people—a condition in which Jesus and Judas had equal rights. But the truth is that Gambetta's early conception of an ideal government for France was that of a State founded on the principles of Plato, which he fondly imagined might be applied to men who cared not very greatly who governed them, provided they enjoyed a liberty which led to prosperity and that the Government did not interfere with that idea of French national independence of which Joan of Arc was one of the most shining defenders.

But Gambetta, while he held that a union of the bourgeoisie and the proletariat ought to govern France, believed much more in the divine right of Gambetta himself to direct France.¹ In this well conceived and well written volume—exhaustive and complete—the character of the dictator, whose talent for opportunism and for compromise kept him in power, is very accurately delineated.

Gambetta's great gift to France was his force, after the crushing conquest by the Germans, to see that the man power of Paris and of the provinces united might save her. He was not a Parisian; he was more cosmopolitan than any Parisian; born at Cahors, of Italian parentage, of a family that stood on the line between the shopkeeper and the peasant, he had a broader view of France than his contemporaries, who seemed to believe that "*tout Paris*" was all France. One of the problems of the mental composition of the group to which Gambetta belonged—and of which Combès was an extreme member—is that they were brought up under that system of education which existed in France before the schools were laicized.

In fact, the most stringent antagonists of the union of the Church and State in France, and of all the privileges of a concordat which bound the Church to a rather shameful slavery, were men brought up under the influence of religious education; and, curiously enough, the strongest combatants against that system of religion which Napoleon I had found it necessary to restore through this very bargain with the Church, were avowed pacifists. They would cheerfully have reduced the army and navy of France to the position of a police-force, if the French people had been willing to agree to it. As time went on, and the horrors of 1870 receded, Gambetta and the various groups which more or less supported him, leaned more and more to internationalism and to the theory that a country was best protected by the smallness of its army and navy. If France, glorious and immortal in her struggle against Prussian tyranny, suffered almost unendurably, she owed much of her suffering to the fact that her foolish pacifism had obscured the ideals of MacMahon and replaced them by those of Combès.

The figure of the old marshal stands out very well in Mr. Stannard's book. He is represented in popular republican annals as a stupid martinet and as an unprogressive adherent of monarchy. When the Comte de Chambord—Henry V, in the eyes of the group of Monarchists, which at that time included the Orleanists—refused the monarchy because the French people

¹"Gambetta and the Foundation of the Third Republic." Harold Stannard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$4.00

would not accept the symbol of the fleur-de-lis in place of the tricolour, Marshal MacMahon declared that if the tricolour were not accepted by the King, all the cannons of France would go off of their own accord; MacMahon was certainly not unreasonably reactionary. The chances of the monarchy passed away with that incredibly obstinate demand of the Comte de Chambord, though France was willing to accept a constitutional ruler, for what all France always wants is a stable government and one which will conserve the rights of the meanest citizen.

Even now, were a strong, constitutional Bourbon, a capable Orleanist, or a potent Bonaparte available, it is doubtful whether she would not accept him in place of a seven-years president who has all the privileges of a monarch, but who dares not exert them because he is generally the creature of a party.

Later, the acceptance by Gambetta of the suggestions of Pope Leo XIII—whose high diplomacy offers a great contrast to the narrowness of Pius IX and the hopeless misunderstandings of Pius X—is explained by the fact that the Utopian rhetorician of the cafés had learned that he was fallible, and also some other important things, under the influence of Madame Léonie Léon.

Madame Léon was, as time went on, the centre of the romance of Gambetta's life. She was free to marry him, but, in faith, she was a devout Catholic; he would not submit to a religious ceremony, for the same reason that some of the political friends of Talleyrand objected to his receiving the last sacraments of the Church at the end: it would be a reflection on the principles of their party. She refused to marry him formally by civil ceremony alone because, while she believed that the essence of marriage was the consent of the parties concerned, she looked on a civil marriage as the negation of her principle that marriage was a sacrament. It was a curious tangle, and not as yet made use of by any novelist. The two regarded themselves as married, and Gambetta introduced her to a small circle of friends—a very small circle—as his wife. It is the first time that the story of this interesting woman, made a matter for legends and disreputable rumours, has been authoritatively told in English. Mr. Stannard quotes the following extract from one of her letters, written to her friend, a priest:

If I understood you correctly, the Church recognizes two sorts of betrothals, *sponsalia de presente* and *sponsalia de futuro*. In cases of necessity, the former—betrothals of immediate vow—are identical in the eyes of the Church with the sacrament of marriage. They amounted, you told me, to a contract under the terms of which a man and a woman declared themselves to be married to one another. On the other hand, the latter ceremony—betrothal by future vows—was a declaration of the parties that they intended to marry at some future date.

I must now inform you, Father, that on your advice I have to-day celebrated by immediate vows my betrothal with the man whose name is known to you. I trust that you will approve and will not withhold your blessing.

In the introduction to the best book yet written in English on "Government and Politics in France," by Dr. Edward Sait, the editor says:

The Government, though formerly much criticized by foreign observers and by Frenchmen themselves, passed through the ordeal triumphantly; and students of government are manifesting a new interest in this parliamentary system, with its highly centralized administrative organization, which has proved so capable of adjusting itself to grave emergencies.

The truth is that the French governmental system had become weakened by party-contentions and the

determination that the Republic meant, not the rule of the people, but the rule of a solid majority, whether gained by *scrutin d'arrondissement* or by *scrutin de liste*; and it made one of the temptations which induced the military party in Germany to consider France an easy prey.

There are few intelligent Americans—that is, Americans who have some of the Greek spirit of love of beauty and symmetry and the brilliance of life—who do not consider France their second country; and, in viewing the Government of France before the war from the point of view of Washington and Adams, they could only wonder that Gambetta and Freycinet and Combès and Jaurès and Viviani and Briand had learned so little from the example of our demigods who consolidated a nation which the French, under the most stupid of monarchies, had helped to create.

The organized attempt to drive Christianity out of France—unconsciously abetted by Pius IX and later by Pius X and the right wing of the monarchical party—the effort to ruin the morale of the army and navy and to reduce the nation to the slavery of parties is made evident in the impartial pages of "Gambetta." At the same time, the real patriotism of this Italian Frenchman, who was looked on as a Jew by his friends and enemies because of his nose and his internationalism, is made manifest. He never resented that he was called a Jew because, though he believed that he was Greek in spirit, he would have welcomed being classed among the Jews if in France they could be called really international. But the Jews in France are perhaps less international than those in any other country, and less national, too, for they do not object to becoming French and making alliances with Christians, which are not deemed possible in any other country.

It is not to the Jews, then, that the pacific internationalism of France, as impotent and as dangerous in time of stress as the socialism of Germany, is to be attributed. Those who regard Gambetta as an untarnished hero of liberty, equality and fraternity, as an unblemished son of freedom, or as a demigod without principles, will learn from this book that he was a man of great parts, of supreme eloquence, who had gone back to an outworn paganism for his principles, but who, if he had studied Hamilton or Lincoln, would have made an ideal leader for France in her time of transition. As it is, Mr. Stannard's "Gambetta" is one of the most valuable additions yet made to our knowledge of the Government of our nearest Ally, to whom we owe so much of culture, of æsthetic ideas, and of the power of ideals to make heroes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BACK-STAIRS TALK.

THE publishers are to be congratulated on bringing out in the more serviceable form of a single book, the seven-volume "Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English" compiled by John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley. Its value has been greatly enhanced by this abridgement and in its more portable size it will doubtless become the prized possession of many people whose interest has been engaged by these broad, racy, ridiculously apt forms of speech.

The word "slang" itself, is thought to owe its origin to the Scandinavian invaders of Northern England, being in all probability connected with the Norwegian verb *slengja*, as in their favourite expression *slengja kjeften*, to abuse, or literally "to sling the jaw." Its use is first found in literature in the middle of the eighteenth

¹ "A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English." John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$5.00.

century, the chief character of Toldervy's "History of Two Orphans" being described as one "who had been upon the town and knew the slang well." Prior to this, its place had been taken by the older word *cant*, which from the Middle Ages had been applied to designate the "St. Giles's Greek" in common use amongst thieves, beggars, gypsies and footpads.

An extremely interesting treatise might be written on the actual psychological impulse that prompts certain people upon all occasions to paraphrase in scandalous jocular vein, the recognized forms of speech of their time. The tendency would seem to be especially prevalent amongst groups that are thrown together under some kind of restraint. Often it is merely protective, a kind of freemasonry of language, but more commonly it would seem to be the expression of a natural reaction against the more decorous standards of propriety. As one turns over the pages of this dictionary, what a quaint, motley company is evoked; a company of truly "honest cods" who are abashed by nothing; who, without sentiment or ideals, are prepared to treat every aspect of life with the same outrageous and nonchalant cynicism! It would seem that no possible experience is able to put these waggish, merry fellows out of countenance. Occasionally from their ludicrous and irreverent back-stairs talk, some word or phrase appears which, by reason of its unsurpassed neatness, is assimilated by the race-instinct, and wins for itself a permanent place in the conventional vocabulary. Such words as *prig*, *humbug*, *tandem*, *banter*, *larrikin*, *skedaddle*, are good examples of this process.

For the most part, however, the vogue of any particular slang-phrase is due to novelty rather than intrinsic merit. There are indeed certain slang-expressions which, although they never quite win recognition from the punctilious, yet, for all that, attain to a certain permanence in colloquial conversation. Such expressions as *a fit of the blues*, *buncombe*, *doldrums*, *guy*, *O. K.*, might be cited as belonging to this category. "A fit of the blues" is the state of despondency, of hypochondria, of depression of spirits that comes to a man who is compassed about by *the blue devils*. "Buncombe" means talking for talk's sake and its first use "is ascribed to a member of Congress, Felix Walker, from Buncombe County, North Carolina, who explained that he was merely 'talking for Buncombe,' when his fellow-members could not understand why he was making a speech." The "doldrums," or low spirits, "is properly part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms and light baffling winds." A "guy," that most ubiquitous of all Americanisms, is simply "a reminiscence of the Gunpowder Plot [of Guy Fawkes]." "O. K." used as a verb, is attributed to General Jackson who, when President, employed these letters as an endorsement of applications for office, and other papers. They were intended to stand for "all correct," which the old gentleman, whose spelling was weak, preferred to write "oll korrekt."

It is satisfactory that the editors have seen fit to include in this dictionary a number of archaic words, there being a natural vigour and Shakespearean candour about such honest terms as *jakes*, *jordan*, *wittol*, that make them compare well with their vulgar modern substitutes. It is a curious thing that in so careful a compilation, the origin of the word *pal* should have been omitted, the word having always had a peculiar interest for philologists, being one of the few forms of speech that can trace authentic descent from the ancient Romany language.

LEWELYN POWYS.

THE PROBLEM OF WAR.

THE problem of war¹ involves so many other problems that to find a solution seems to be a matter of some complexity. But as numerous symptoms may be evidences of a single malady, so the racial, cultural, dynastic and industrial antagonisms displayed by warring nations may prove to be symptomatic of some one underlying mal-

adjustment which is capable of correction. The author of "The Problem of War and Its Solution," believing this to be the case, has undertaken to set down a diagnosis in the hope of dispelling the notion that a tendency to war is inherent in human nature, and that the problem of war is not, therefore, capable of solution.

Although the cure for destructive animosities may turn out to be a comparatively simple matter, when the disease from which humanity suffers is understood, the diagnosis calls for a comprehensive study of human relationships. Mr. Grant submits these to the biological and the historical tests in order to determine whether there is any reason for regarding war as inevitable. He attempts to show that diversity between individuals, as between races, while making for conflict in certain circumstances, may in others afford a basis for mutual advancement and unity. Whatever be the power of heredity in transmitting characteristics, environment must be recognized as an important factor in the formation of those characteristics, and an influence for good or evil in all mundane affairs. Men act as they do because of the pressure of environment on their natural instincts and aspirations. There is good reason, therefore, to suppose that by bettering the environment we may improve both health and manners.

Since we can not change the laws of nature, our power to improve our environment is largely dependent upon our skill in adapting ourselves to those laws as we proceed in the struggle for existence. If the rules and regulations to which the members of society are made to conform, ignore natural laws or seek to reverse them, a dangerous condition is set up in which human nature will not appear at its best. A glance at the history of the race suggests the evil effects of legal privileges which act as a handicap on the unprivileged and divide mankind into castes.

As inequality of opportunity develops, strife arises and is manifested in the conflicts of religious organizations, political parties and economic factions; and if the discrimination could be ended, there is reason to suppose that "the egotistic attributes of creeds, parties, and of the States themselves will gradually disappear," and nature will cease to be regarded as hostile. The law and order that is so highly regarded in certain quarters is in reality the survival of a system of privilege which is frankly dependent on main force. There are many forms of privilege, but the most far-reaching in its effects is land-monopoly, the parent of all manner of lesser restrictions which shut in and thwart human beings, very much as cages confine the actions and modify the mental attitude of the animals in a zoo. Human nature in the prison-house that men have built for it develops a tendency towards violence that has come to be regarded as normal. But as Mr. Grant sees it, war, instead of being a biological necessity, is a blunder perpetrated as the result of a derangement of instinct and intelligence.

When the production of wealth is throttled at the source, a feeling of insecurity is aroused, a desire to escape from a dangerous environment. Society breaks up into hostile groups, and each group tries to secure its own position by coercing the others. They all move in a vicious circle, and may pass from the extremes of a Red terror to those of a White terror without finding relief, because Governments are the secular guardians of privilege, and move with great reluctance, and only under absolute compulsion, in the direction of equal freedom.

The escape lies through economic emancipation; removal of unfair restrictions upon production and trade. Instead of relying on charity, and promoting benevolent plans for easing the lot of the victims of social injustice, men must be allowed to prove by exercising their abilities as they see fit, that self-interest is not necessarily in conflict with the common good. In fact, "good will is promoted when self-interest is given the fullest freedom compatible with the like freedom of others." Co-operation can not be enforced without infringing personal rights and creating hostility. To attain the maximum of

¹"The Problem of War and Its Solution. John E. Grant. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.

co-operation all restrictions must be withdrawn, and men must be free to deal with one another at will, guided only by their mutual interests. For, as Mr. Grant points out, "in any system requiring compulsion, self-interest is extinguished and the full benefits of co-operative effort are not secured."

Unrestricted competition in every branch of economic activity should be the aim of every one who desires to see mutual help replace the savage methods of business that have grown up in our prison-like environment. However hard it is for the captives to believe that economic freedom and equality of opportunity are either desirable or possible, the fact remains that a healthy rivalry in serving consumers makes for progress and happiness. In placing economic justice above political manoeuvring, Mr. Grant has proved himself a radical in the true sense of that much-abused term. The illustrations that he has gathered to buttress his contention should prove useful to others who believe that the will to fight can be overcome by a simple act of good faith.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE OBVIOUS.

It used to be said by subacid admirers of the late Master of Balliol, that his lectures afforded their hearers "a faint glimpse into the obvious." This was not necessarily dispraise of Mr. Jowett, and it is not necessarily belittling the value of Mr. Beard's monograph¹ to say that many of the conclusions it draws were already matters of pretty general conviction. No one, at least, who has followed, even cursorily, the recent Senate debates on the tariff, can have much doubt of the underlying motives for legislation to which that large section of the community which is unstabilized by economic security will have to adapt itself as best it may. In any case, the student of economics owes a debt to Mr. Beard for having condensed into the space of just one hundred pages a statement so authoritative, and buttressed by such unexceptionable historical support.

It is a laudable fashion among mathematicians engaged in working out complicated equations, to make a temporary representation of items that have grown unwieldy by weight of symbols, even though by so doing they have only apparently simplified the problem. Professor Beard's book represents one of these handy expedients, and it is safe to prophesy that it will be abundantly quoted and seldom questioned.

Among admissible criticisms of Mr. Beard's work one might be that he has too rigidly and conscientiously confined himself to the scope of the assigned task and that, having so ably established his thesis from the past, he has not indulged his readers with more than a glance at its implications for the future. As it is, one feels that he is taking almost too dispassionate a view of a thing that is profoundly stirring the conscience of the world. Respect for wealth and the economic privileges it confers, must rest in the last issue upon the respect with which the governor is able to inspire the governed. Mr. Beard, it is true, refers in passing to the profound disturbance induced by the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century when "any hustling individual might rise from poverty to wealth." But he gives no intimation of a profound essential change that has ensued upon this disturbance. Heretofore, wealth won, even though acquired, as Marx has established, at the cost of widespread anonymous expropriation, stood, by and large, a symbol for individual qualities that inspired a certain grudging respect among the disinherited. Shrewdness, combativeness, adventurousness in the literal sense—at the meanest, ability to manufacture better and cheaper—were necessarily represented by wealth or holdings won in the face of the jealousy of trade guilds or the exclusiveness of the upper class. To-day wealth, and (if Mr. Beard's conclusions be sound) consequent economic power may come in a year and to almost any kind of man.

Thanks to mechanical processes, the apparatus of distribution and publicity, and the inexhaustible reservoir of labour that need possess no special skill, the "detainer," to use a happy French phrase, of vast funds may be only the lucky discoverer of a toothsome goody or a catching slogan, or some inefficient manufacturer saved from impending bankruptcy by taking timely advantage of his country's peril. As in the case of an industry rated among the foremost in the country as regards capital invested, he may be some Coney Island barker or fakir, whom a scientific discovery tardily recognized and tawdriously exploited, has swept into the ranks of multimillionairedom. The inheritor of such good luck will be quite apt to be a rugged and opulent young moron, only too glad to ignore or depute the power his possessions confer; and his matrimonial scrapes, breaches of promise and adventures with touts and blackmailers, will meanwhile make the fortune of the yellow press.

To look for political sagacity from such an element, even sagacity of the dismal sort necessary for self-preservation, is to make rather a big draft on the future; yet Mr. Beard, while rightly blaming the disciples of Rousseau for their monstrous creation of the theoretical man, shows no signs of realizing that wealth, as well as human beings, may have a character that profoundly affects its efficacy as a political force. His book closes with a warning culled from John Stuart Mill, against expropriation by taxes unwillingly rendered and he forecasts little for the future, beyond an indeterminate tussle between the haves and the have-nots. Luckily there are not wanting signs for those who can read them, that the disease is bringing its remedy, even though politics in the current sense may have to disappear in the process of cure. For wealth to be an effective instrument of government, it was never necessary that it should be worthily won or ethically esteemed. The essential has been no more than that it should be taken seriously; and the broad fact underlying present insecurities is that it is no longer so taken, even by those who covet its advantages. Professor Beard's handbook is opportune, but it is valedictory as well. He has done wisely, perhaps, in halting it on the threshold of dynamic changes where continuity can no longer be assured or deductions safely drawn.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE none too extensive library dealing with research and exploration in Labrador receives a valuable addition in William Brooks Cabot's "Labrador." Four distinct expeditions into that little known region are incorporated in the volume, and each of them yielded a rich store of data, which has been set down with detailed and varied description. A considerable part of the material which has been embodied in the present volume made its first appearance in the same author's "Northern Labrador." Although Mr. Cabot has made a satisfactory revision of his materials, which appear in revised and amplified form, it cannot be said that he has done as much with the text. His book bristles with awkward involutions of style; overlaid sentences, which have not been submitted to the rigours of clarity, impede the reader's progress. Mr. Cabot's observations are keen, and they are valuable, but when it comes to getting his narrative into words, he falls into dull patches which have to be redeemed by excellent photographs.

L. B.

THE missionary-spirit in Mr. John Drinkwater's "Lincoln: the World Emancipator"² displaces the poet, and although one is left in no doubt concerning the sincerity of the message, its power is but the power of polemics—not of a more inspired medium. The Englishman conceives the Civil-War President as a symbol of Anglo-American harmonies and a reconciler of Anglo-American antipathies. The theme is put forward with halting imagination, and it is not until the very end, when Mr. Drinkwater wisely stops pleading and turns to poetry, that his purpose emerges with real effectiveness. Lincoln is seen as the "only figure of universal significance in history, apart from her own heroes, that England would have satisfied her own best ideals in producing." The intention, it would seem, is to

¹ "Labrador." William Brooks Cabot. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$3.00.

² "Lincoln: the World Emancipator." John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

¹ "The Economic Basis of Politics." Charles A. Beard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

interpret England to America in terms of Lincoln. It may be laudable, but such experiments establish a dubious precedent. One trembles to think of Mr. Vachel Lindsay interpreting America to England in terms of Cromwell. L. B.

"THE LOVE CHASE,"¹ a novel by Felix Grendon, deals with the trials and tribulations of the most adventurous of what one of his characters calls "the animal people," the bohemian intellectuals of New York. It shows that the love-chase is futile if not disastrous, and has had a demoralizing effect upon men and still more upon women. In Mr. Grendon's view the sex-problem would solve itself if men and women realized that the most important thing in the world is their life-work, and that success in this alone brings true happiness. Free love is no solution, but a delusion of naïve revolutionists who imagine that by living together without marriage, they will be happy ever after. Mr. Grendon is the one novelist who has succeeded in depicting the background of the young restless generation whose ideals and tendencies he fully understands. On almost every page there is a rapid fire of brilliant dialogue concerning modern ideas, movements, attitudes and personalities in which the unexpected, the witty, the piquant have the right of way. "The Love Chase" succeeds in accomplishing what "Ann Veronica" set out to do. Unlike Mr. Wells, Mr. Grendon boldly, bravely, and clearly faces the "woman-question," and presents a solution, the only solution possible to one not wallowing in sentimentalism or enslaved by romanticism; namely: that woman must succeed in ways other than by sex-appeals, if she would be fully human and civilized. J.

In a foreword to her most recent play, "Portrait of Mrs. W.,"² Josephine Preston Peabody says: "Dramatically, it is wilfully built against traditions of stage-structure." This statement should not be taken to mean that the play is revolutionary in type, but that the author, working in a thoroughly conventional form, has chosen to be negligent of the requirements of that form. The result is a play structurally weak, in which no line of action is followed persistently enough to absorb one's attention. The play "attempts to bring into close range a name and a face"—the name and face of Mary Wollstonecraft, a figure rich in dramatic possibilities. With these possibilities, however, "the plea of all that Mary Wollstonecraft had to leave unsaid and undone, the tragedy of death at the hour so looked to for deeds or utterance, that clamour of unfulfillment, made it impossible for this chronicler to deal." The first act of the three which, with an epilogue, compose the play, is devoted almost entirely to exposition that does not sufficiently expound, and to the introduction of several characters who distract attention from the heroine without throwing much light on the attitude of her circle towards her, and whom we see no more in the play. Thereafter the interest narrows down gradually to the main theme, but the impression is still one of weakness. There is no sureness or certainty of touch, and the speech, especially of the historical characters, falls short of rightness. If the author had dispensed altogether with the technique of the "well-made" play, and with single-minded enthusiasm had devoted herself to her heroine, allowing the form to fashion itself as the subject developed, we might have had a memorable figure. As it is, the portrait is blurred. R. A. P.

THOSE who have been offended by the Shakespeare of Clemence Dane as a romantic roisterer, the plaything of lovesick passion, will hardly be better pleased with the Shakespeare of Messrs. H. F. Rubenstein and Clifford Bax,³ two young Englishmen who present five episodes from the dramatist's life from 1592, when he is represented as trying to sell to Philip Henslowe, the newly completed "Love's Labour's Lost," to 1616 when, worn and old before his time, he makes his will in retirement at Stratford. Messrs. Bax and Rubenstein have tethered their imaginations more closely to the known facts of Shakespeare's life than most of those who have tried to reconstruct the man as he was in the flesh. The difficulty of making seem authentic a person of whom every reader will have a preconception of his own, need not be stressed. Suffice it to say that the Shakespeare of Messrs. Bax and Rubenstein is not likely to be the Shakespeare of the reader of their play any more than he is the Shakespeare of Miss Dane; nor has he the flip impudence of Shaw's Shakespeare or the mellow sadness of Mr. Cabell's. Now and again in utterance he is believably the poet, and we have Professor A. W. Pollard's word for it that "the talk in this play," considered

as Elizabethan English, "very seldom jars." But who can believe in a Shakespeare who, rehearsing "Hamlet" at the Globe, tries to thrust his rapier through Mr. W. H., representing for the moment Polonius? Or a Shakespeare turned Puritanical, who withholds his acquiescence to Judith's marriage until he has extracted from Quiney a promise, if ever he is in London, never to enter a playhouse? Ben Jonson, appearing for a single brief blustering moment, the authors are able to make more real. Perhaps it is only in such a thumbnail sketch as Mr. Cabell's (in "The Certain Hour") that we can get a glimpse of Shakespeare himself that will not raise doubts. If other names were given to the characters, and there were no pretence that the facts were historical, there would still be a lack of fire which makes the play tame beside Miss Dane's; which latter play is also better fused. R. A. P.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

I HAVE often expressed the wish that more of our contemporary critics and men of letters would follow the excellent example of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford in going back over the field of American literature and picking out certain figures for reassessment and revaluation. I am not a nationalist in these matters; I do not wish to see more attention given to American writers than they deserve, and I am quite free to say that a great many of the American writers now before the public seem to me to be getting much more attention than they deserve. On the other hand, I do not wish to see them neglected, as I am convinced some of them are being neglected. It is unfortunate that so many of us must accept this or that estimate of American writers without really knowing the best that those writers can do, or—which is perhaps the same thing—without knowing whether they have any special significance for us, at our present stage of development, and what, if any, that significance is. A writer may have relatively little significance for his own time and much for a later time; the times change to meet him, and men's minds and dispositions change with them, the *Zeitgeist* opens the way for him, reintroduces and endorses him and makes him acceptable. Such a writer was Samuel Butler; I could never see that his long obscurity should be complained of or thought extraordinary. Such a one pre-eminently also was the great critic whose centenary falls out this year, Matthew Arnold.

A LINE in *Current Opinion* for September reminds me of one of the most remarkable figures in the literary history of this country, and one who will serve admirably for illustration of my theme. His name is widely known, but not as connected, strictly speaking, with literature. He is popularly connected with a social movement which has fallen, for good reason, into disrepute; he is celebrated as the author of one book, and the fact that he wrote others of almost if not quite equivalent importance is not generally known. He has never, as far as I know, received any appraisal from a critic or man of letters. An adequate appraisal, of course, he could hardly have had, up to the present time; he died in 1897 and the circumstances that attended his activities—and much more those that attended the activities which had him for a centre and focus—probably precluded it. Nevertheless, in the whole history of American literature, there is no figure more interesting to the man of letters, none more suggestive, none of which more can be made. Those who know his works well—the far greater number who talk about them without having read them do not count—think of him only as an economist, which indeed primarily he was, as Huxley was primarily a man of natural science, John Henry Newman a theologian, Niebuhr a historian. But only one who would deny a place in literature to Huxley, Newman or Niebuhr could deny a place in literature, and a place of considerable distinction, to Henry George.

THE editorial note in *Current Opinion*, under the caption, "Read Henry George," says "A book we would advise

¹ "The Love Chase." Felix Grendon. New York: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.75.

² "Portrait of Mrs. W." Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

³ "Shakespeare: a Play." H. F. Rubenstein and Clifford Bax. With a Preface by A. W. Pollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

every young person to read is Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty.' . . . No intelligent American can afford not to read that book. It will do better than tell you what to think, for it will start you to thinking." This is excellent; it sets forth pretty well in a rough popular way the distinction that I should be inclined to draw between a technical specialist who has a place in literature and one who has not. The best fruit of letters (and how lamentable that it is so little discerned as such, so imperfectly apprehended as such!) is the establishment in oneself of a *temper*, a frame of mind, a disposition to let the stream of one's consciousness play freely and disinterestedly upon all sides of an idea. It is the especial virtue, one may say the specific virtue, of classical studies, particularly in Greek literature, that if rightly used—used, that is, in the full knowledge that this is their great virtue—they tend so powerfully towards the inculcation of this temper. It is mainly in view of this formative influence that Cicero could say of such studies, "*adolescētiā alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernociant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*" I have often wished that the advocates of classical studies would content themselves with taking that sentence of Cicero as the basis of their brief and developing it as fully as possible.

GOING back to the examples which I chose at random a moment ago, one reads Niebuhr, or should read him, by no means purely for the sake of agreement or disagreement, for establishing or informing and fortifying an opinion upon the particular matters of history or the historical doctrines which he puts at issue, but rather because he so powerfully affects one's attitude towards *all* history, the mode of one's own thought about history in general. Here is seen the differentiation of a historian, say, of Mr. Green's type from one, say, of Mr. McMaster's. I am not raising the question of absolute value, but merely remarking a distinction. The former type of technical specialist has a literary significance which the latter type has not. The significance of the one type depends wholly upon a technical, scientific quality, and with the other the case is different. If time and research should ever so seriously impair the scientific quality of Mr. Green's work, it would still be worth reading and a critic or man of letters could still do a great deal with it. Interest has, I suppose, wholly evaporated from the actual subject-matter of Arnold's essays on church and religion, and yet their importance to the man of letters remains as great as it ever was, so clearly do they exhibit and so powerfully do they inculcate the inestimable *temper*, the mode of mind, appropriate to any consideration of this great spiritual activity. Probably no one would read his Irish essays, or his "Friendship's Garland," for the sake of their content of fact or opinion; but their emancipating and energizing effect upon one's own consciousness remains, they communicate as abundantly as ever the spirit and temper appropriate to any consideration of public affairs at any time. Therefore they are as much as ever, grist to the critic's mill; and since this Christmas-tide marks the hundredth anniversary of Arnold's birth, I expect to see all this, at which I can only hint, brought out and developed by our critics before the year is out.

I HAVE heretofore had occasion to remark a tendency to regard the field of American literature as largely arid, graced but by two or three notable growths of the past and chiefly by the bloom of gentle windflowers that have sprung up in our own day. I do not contend against this view, since contention of any kind is not much in my way. Still, I have ventured to suggest that perhaps our critics might advantageously look the ground over again to make sure that nothing had escaped them, and I thought at the time that it might reasonably be expected that I should mention the half-dozen or so names that I had in mind as eligible; but diffidence got the better

of me and I did not do it. Of these half-dozen names, as it happens, Henry George's was not one; but since *Current Opinion* brought him forward as it did in precisely the right way, I venture to endorse most heartily my contemporary's exhortation. As the autumn approaches, too, bringing with it thoughts of Arnold, of his great essay on Bishop Butler and his observations on Turgot, I can imagine how deeply, at this distance in time, certain aspects of George's work would interest Arnold and with what insight and sympathy he would deal with them. If so, I thought, why not direct towards these works the attention of the critics who are presumably looking over our literary field in search of just that sort of thing in order that they may reappraise and re-estimate it? I do not know that it has occurred to Mr. Bradford to include this notable figure among his literary portraits, or whether his scheme is such as to admit it; but I believe that whether by Mr. Bradford or some other, literary criticism can be exercised upon Henry George with great satisfaction to the critic and great profit to his readers.

It is one of the peculiarities of writers like George, writers pre-eminently communicating the "lucidity of mind and largeness of temper" so cherished by Matthew Arnold, that their work contains abundantly the seed of new work. As time passes and new conditions of thought and life are established, certain portions of their work come into focus, and their special relation to these new conditions is perceived more clearly than before. Then it happens that the ideas conveyed by them are singled out and developed in one way or another, so that the result has much of the practical force of a discovery. It is long since I read George's works, and in considering them anew, I was struck by several suggestions which they carried in the way that I describe. Some of these suggestions seem to me to be directed towards the economist and some towards the man of letters. The economist should complete and re-edit George's unfinished work on the principles of political economy. He should also undertake the long and arduous task of compiling in a companion volume the statistics of rent. Being neither economist nor statistician, I can of course not say how this should be done; I can only say that it should be done as thoroughly as possible and that its scope should be as nearly as possible world-wide.

ASIDE from the critical literary estimate of George that I have just mentioned, which might serve as a general preface to a new issue of his works, the man of letters will find several most interesting lines of occupation suggested to him by the last half-dozen pages of "Progress and Poverty." Henry George had the vision of human society organized on the basis of absolute economic freedom. (I am obliged, for lack of space, to speak as if to those who know his works, and without discussing the significance of this term.) The man of letters can find the most congenial occupation, it seems to me, by exercising his imagination in tracing out the effects of economic freedom upon the spiritual activities of mankind—the practice of the arts and sciences, religion, social life and manners—and upon the institutions through which these activities are expressed and which more or less represent them. Some woman of letters like Madame Sand might give what for some reason we call feminism a new and profitable direction by postulating a society economically free, and then by constructive imagination, aided by the bibliography of the subject from Tacitus down to Westermarck, exhibiting the status of woman and the family in such a society. A study of the status of religion and organized Christianity in a free society would be a fascinating enterprise. I can only hint at all these matters—this Notebook is but a notebook—but a very little imagination put to work upon the hint will show at once, I think, that they are susceptible of an extraordinary amount of development, and that this development is likely to lead to a number of unsuspected and perhaps startling conclusions.

“I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”

BALLADRY adapts itself to the times: the comic strip, the “column,” the motion-picture feature may be the ballad of our day. We think, however, that Fletcher, were he living, would substitute “magazines” for “ballads” in his sage remark.

In Fletcher’s day the singers had a large part in forming public opinion, in our day a legitimate function of the press. But the daily newspaper’s voice is cracked, and the public listens indifferently. For example, Senator La Follette won his victory in Wisconsin with the press antagonistic, “after as feverish a campaign of misrepresentation and bitterness as I ever witnessed,” writes a gifted Madison professor.

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Strange, how thousands recognize the voice and respond with eagerness. Making a nation’s laws once seemed all-important to many persons who, after a course in the FREEMAN, perceive that making a nation think is of greater significance. It can not be done didactically: it can be done by using humour, humanity, experience, beauty—as the FREEMAN tries to do it. (As the balladists did it.)

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